

Paradise Lost,

By JOHN MILTON;

With Notes,

Selected from Newton and others,

To which is prefixed,

The Life of the Author.

With

A Critical Dissertation,

ON THE POETICAL WORKS OF MILTON,

and

Observations on his Language and Versification,

By Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

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of his own composition; and yet, on the other
hand, he was not so negligent of his amusements, as
to neglect his business, but by diligence and
economy he acquired a considerable estate, upon
which he afterwards retired. He was a worthy
man, and married Sarah Caston, whose family
came into the Poet's blood, as John the Poet, and Christopher, whom he trained
to the practice of the law, and who in
the civil war adhered to the King's party; for his

THE
L I F E
OF
MR. JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was descended from the proprietors of Milton, near Halton and Thame, in Oxfordshire; where the family flourished several years, till the estate was sequestered in the civil wars occasioned by the disputes between the houses of York and Lancaster. Mr. John Milton, the Poet's grandfather, was under-ranger, or keeper, of the forest of Shotover, near Halton above mentioned: he was so great a bigot to his peculiar religious opinions (those of the church of Rome) that he disinherited his son, because he forsook the religion of his ancestors, and became a protestant. The disinherited son, John Milton, our Poet's father, then repaired to London, where, for his support, he followed the profession of a scrivener; but he was not so devoted to gain and to business, as to lose all taste of the polite arts, and was particularly skilled in music, in which he was not only a fine performer, says Newton, but is celebrated for several pieces

of his own composition ; and yet, on the other hand, he was not so fond of his amusements, as to neglect his business, but by diligence and œconomy he acquired a competent estate, upon which he afterwards retired. He was a worthy man, and married Sarah Caston, whose family came from Wales. By this lady he had two sons, John the Poet, and Christopher, whom he trained to the practice of the Common Law, and who in the civil war adhered to the King's party : for his adherence to the royal cause he was persecuted by the espousers of democracy ; but having, by his brother's interest, obtained permission to live in quiet, he supported himself by chamber-practice, and in the reign of King James II. by too easy a compliance with the doctrines of the court, both religious and civil, he attained to the dignity of Knighthood, and was made a Judge of the Common Pleas in 1687, having previously, in 1686, been made Baron of the Exchequer. He died divested of his office not long after the Revolution.

He had likewise by his said wife, Sarah Caston, a daughter, Anne, whom he married, with a considerable portion, to Edward Philips, who came from Shrewsbury, and rose in the Crown-Office to be Secondary. By him she had two sons, John and Edward, who were educated by the Poet, and who have handed down to us a decent account of his domestic manners.

But JOHN, the subject of the present Essay, who was born in his father's house at the Spread Eagle in Bread Street, Dec. 9, 1608, was the favourite of his father's hopes; who, to cultivate the great genius which early displayed itself, was at the expence of a domestic Tutor, Mr. Thomas Young*; whose care and capacity his Pupil hath gratefully celebrated in an excellent Latin Elegy, which he wrote at the age of eighteen. At his initiation he is said to have applied himself to Letters with such indefatigable industry, that he rarely was prevailed with to quit his studies before midnight; which not only made him frequently subject to severe pains in his head, but likewise occasioned that weakness in his eyes, which terminated in a total privation of sight. From a domestic education he was removed to St. Paul's School, to complete his acquaintance with the Classics, under the care of Mr. Gill, who was at that time master; and to whose son are addressed some of his familiar epistles. After a short stay at this seminary, he was transplanted to Christ College in Cambridge, February 12 1624-5, being then in his 17th year, a very good classical scholar, and master of several languages. He was placed under the tuition of Mr. William Chappel, afterwards Bishop of Cork and Ross, in

* This gentleman was afterwards chaplain to the company of English merchants residing at Hamburgh.

Ireland. While a member of this society, he distinguished himself in all kinds of academical exercises. He continued above seven years at the university, and took two degrees, viz. that of B. A. in 1628-9, and that of M. A. in 1632, when he left Cambridge, and returned to his father, who had quitted the town, and retired to Horton, near Colebrook, in Buckinghamshire, where he pursued his studies with unparalleled assiduity and success.

By his parents he was designed for holy orders; and among the manuscripts of Trinity College in Cambridge, says Bishop Newton, there are two draughts, in Milton's own hand, of a letter to a friend who had importuned him to take orders when he had attained the age of 23: but the truth is, continues the learned Bishop, he had conceived early prejudices against the doctrine and discipline of the Church; and subscribing to the Articles was, in his opinion, subscribing *slave*. This was no doubt a great disappointment to his friends, who rather wished him to have been a minister of the established religion; but he had too free a spirit to be limited and confined: he was for comprehending all sciences, but for professing none. While he continued in this retirement (five years) he read over all the Greek and Latin authors, particularly the historians; so that his retirement was a learned retirement.

After some years spent in this studious way,

his mother died ; and then he prevailed with his father to gratify an inclination he had long entertained of seeing foreign countries. Sir Henry Wotton, who had formerly been Ambassador at Venice, and was then Provost of Eton College, gave him a letter of advice for the direction of his travels, couched in the following terms :

“SIR,

Eton College, April 10, 1638.

“IT was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly. And in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts (which I understood afterwards by Mr. H.) I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught, for you left me with an extreme thirst, and to have begged your conversation again jointly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have branded together some good authors of the ancient time ; among which I observed you to have been familiar.

“Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you, dated the sixth of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment, that came therewith ; wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish with a

certain Doric delicacy in your Songs and Odes, wherein I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language, *Ipsa Mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me, how modestly soever, the true artificer *. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R.'s Poems, printed at Oxford; whereunto it is added, as I now suppose, that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of stationers, and leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

"Now, Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you, I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way. Therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his governor; and you may surely receive from him good directions for shaping your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

"I should think, that your best line will be through the whole length of France to *Marseilles*, and thence by sea to *Genoa*, whence the

* This is the *Mask of Comus*, of which Milton had not yet publicly acknowledged himself the author.

passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you do, to Florence or Sienna, the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

“At Sienna I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipione, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having been Steward to the Duca di Pagliano; who with all his family were strangled, save this only man, that escaped by foresight of the tempest. With him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and at my departure toward Rome, which had been the centre of his experience, I had won confidence enough to beg his advice how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or of my own conscience. Signor Arrigo meo (says he) *i pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto*; that is, your thoughts close, and your countenance loose, will go safely over the whole world. Of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary: and therefore, Sir, I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining your friend, as much at command as any of longer date.

H. WOTTON.”

P. S. “Sir, I have expressly sent this by my foot-boy, to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of

your obliging letter, having myself, through some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad and diligent to entertain you with home-novelties, even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the cradle."

By not observing an excellent maxim * in the above advice, he incurred great danger by disputing against the Superstition of the Church of Rome, within the verge of the Vatican §. Having employed his curiosity about two years † in

* I pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto.

§ Though the Marquis of Villa had shown him distinguishing marks of favour at Naples, yet he told him at his departure, that he would have shown him much greater, if he had been more reserved in matters of religion. But he had a soul above dissimulation and disguise; he was neither afraid nor ashamed to vindicate the truth; and if any man had, he had in him the spirit of an old martyr. He was so prudent indeed, that he would not of his own accord begin any discourse of religion; but at the same time he was so honest, that if he was questioned at all about his faith, he would not dissemble his sentiments, whatever was the consequence. And with this resolution he went to Rome the second time, and staid there two months more, neither concealing his name, nor declining openly to defend the truth, if any thought proper to attack him.

NEWTON.

† Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,—
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis: pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe.

EPITAPH. DAM.

France and Italy, on the news of a civil war breaking out in England, he returned, without taking a survey of Greece and Sicily, as at his setting out the scheme was projected. † At Paris the Lord Viscount Scudamore, Ambassador from King Charles I. at the Court of France, introduced him to the acquaintance of Grotius; who at that time was honoured with the same character there by Christina, Queen of Sweden. In Rome, Genoa, Florence, and other cities of Italy, he contracted a familiarity with those who were of highest reputation for wit and learning: several of whom gave him very obliging testimonies of their friendship and esteem; which are printed before his Latin Poems. The first of them, written by Manso Marquis of Villa, a great patron of Tasso, by whom he is celebrated in his || Poem on the Conquest of Jerusalem, is as follows:

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipse fores.

It is highly probable that to his conversation with this noble Neapolitan, we owe the first design which MILTON conceived of writing an Epic Poem: and it appears by some Latin verses addressed to the Marquis with the title of Mansus, that he intended to fix on King Arthur

† Defensio Secunda. Page 96. fol.

|| Fra Cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi,
Risplende il Manso. — *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, lib. xx.

for his hero* ; but Arthur was reserved to another destiny.

Returning from his travels, he found England on the point of being involved in a civil war, between the king and parliament. It seems wonderful that one of so warm and enterprising a spirit as his certainly was, should be restrained from the camp in those commotions, when his countrymen were striving for liberty against the ambition of the crown. We may certainly impute it to the great deference he paid to paternal authority, that he retired to lodgings provided for him at the house of Mr. Russel, a taylor, in St. Bride's Church Yard. Here, however, he did not long continue; for he had not sufficient room for his library and furniture: he therefore took a house with a garden, in the vicinity of Aldersgate Street; which was the more agreeable to him, as it was removed in a great measure from the noise and disturbance of the town. This house, being commodious for the reception of his sister's sons, and some other young gentlemen, he undertook their education, not out of

* "O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum
Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ,
Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spiritus adsit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges."

any sordid and mercenary views, but merely from a benevolent disposition, and a desire to do good; and is said to have formed them on the same plan which he afterwards published, in a short tractate inscribed to his friend Mr. Hartlib.

We must not, however, imagine, that Milton was so attached to this academical life, as to be an indifferent spectator of what passed in this country. There were great disorders in the nation in 1641, and the clamour ran high against those who wore the episcopal habit. On this occasion it is easy to guess which side was taken by Milton: he took part with the people, and joined the puritanical ministers in their opposition to episcopacy. He published a tractate "Of Reformation, touching Church Discipline in England: and the Causes that hitherto have hindered it. In two books." A treatise against episcopacy was likewise published about the same time by several ministers, in answer to the Humble Remonstrance of Dr. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, under the title of *Smectymnus* (a word consisting of the initial names of the authors, viz. Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow.) This book was answered by Archbishop Usher, who published at Oxford a Refutation of *Smectymnus*, in a tract concerning the Original of Bishops and Metropolitans. This latter brought forth Mil-

ton's little piece Of Prelatical Episcopacy; but as it was not sufficiently explicit to meet the entire approbation of the author, he handled the subject more at large in "The Reason of Church Government, urged against Prelacy. In two Books." This was divided into several Chapters, of which the following are the heads: Chap. I. That Church Government is prescribed in the Gospel, and that to say otherwise is unsound. Chap. II. That Church Government is set down in Holy Scripture, and that to say otherwise is untrue. Chap. III. That it is dangerous and unworthy the Gospel, to hold that Church Government is to be patterned by the Law, as B. Andrews and the Primate of Armagh [Usher] maintain. Chap. IV. That it is impossible to make the Priesthood of Aaron a Pattern whereon to ground Episcopacy. Chap. V. To the Argument of B. Andrews and the Primate. Chap. VI. That Prelacy was not set up for the Prevention of Schism, as is pretended, or if it were, that it performs not what it was first set up for, but quite the contrary. Chap. VII. That those many sects and schisms by some supposed to be among us, and that Rebellion in Ireland, ought not to be a hindrance, but a hastening of Reformation. Part II. Chap. I. That Prelacy opposeth the Reason and End of the Gospel three ways; and first in her outward form. Chap. II. That the ceremonious Doctrine of Prelacy opposeth

the Reason and End of the Gospel. Chap. III. That Prelatical Jurisdiction opposeth the Reason and End of the Gospel and of State. CONCLUSION. The Mischief that Prelacy does in the State.—Bishop Hall published also a Defence of the Humble Remonstrance; which induced Milton to write Animadversions upon it, under the title of Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus. All these treatises he published within the course of the year 1641; which show how diligent he was in the cause he had espoused. And the next year he set forth his Apology for Smectymnuus, in Answer to the Confutation of his Animadversions.

In this philosophical course he, however, continued without a wife to the year 1643; when he married Mary, the eldest daughter of Richard Powell of Forest-hill, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire: a gentleman of estate and reputation in that county, and of principles so very opposite to his Son-in-law, that the marriage is more to be wondered at than the separation which ensued, in little more than a month after she had cohabited with him in London. The time having elapsed which he had allowed her to stay with her friends in the country (for she had previously obtained his permission) he wrote several letters, requesting her return; but she did not deign to answer them. At length, being

highly displeased, and imagining some mistake might have arisen, he dispatched a messenger with a letter, requesting her return: but she positively refused, and dismissed the messenger with contempt. Her desertion provoked him both to write several Treatises concerning the doctrine and discipline of Divorce*; and also to

* These treatises were, (1.) "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce; restored to the good of both Sexes, from the Bondage of Canon Law, and other Mistakes, to the true Meaning of Scripture in the Law and Gospel compared. Wherein also are set down the bad consequences of abolishing or condemning of Sin, that which the Law of God allows, and Christ abolished not. In Two Books."—Against this book it was objected, that his doctrine was a novel notion, and a paradox that nobody had asserted before. This occasioned him to take up his pen again; which produced, in 1644, (2.) "The Judgment of Martin Bucer, concerning Divorce: written to Edward VI. in his Second Book of the Kingdom of Christ; and now Englished. Wherein a late Book, restoring the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, is here confirmed and justified by the Authority of Martin Bucer, to the Parliament of England." Against this book also cavils were raised; and it was objected, that the doctrine could not be reconciled to Scripture. He now took up his pen once more, and published, in 1645, (3.) "Tetrachordon: Expositions upon the Four Chief Places in Scripture which treat of Marriage, or Nullities in Marriage. On Gen. i. 27, 28, compared and explained by Gen. ii. 18, 23, 24.—Deut. xxiv. 1, 2.—Matth. v. 31, 32. with Matth. xix. from the 3d verse to the 11th.—1 Cor. vii. from the 10th to the 16th. Wherein the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, as was lately published, is confirmed by Explanation of Scripture, by Testimony of Ancient Fathers, of Civil Laws

make his addresses to a young Lady of great wit and beauty, one of the daughters of Dr. Davis: but before he had engaged her affections to conclude the marriage-treaty, in a visit at one of

in the Primitive Church, of famousst Reformed Divines; and, lastly, by an intended Act of the Parliament, and Church of England, in the last Year of Edward the Sixth." The cavils of the interested clergy were loud and vehement against these writings; but their dissatisfaction served only to cause others to examine the subject more closely than they hitherto had done; by which they became convinced that the arguments and right reasoning employed by Milton on the occasion, were not only just, but perfectly agreeable to the dictates of the Scriptures. Mr. Wood informs us, that upon Milton's publishing his three books of Divorce, the Assembly of Divines, then sitting at Westminster, took particular notice of them, and, notwithstanding his former services in writing against the Bishops, caused him to be summoned before the House of Lords; but that house, whether approving his doctrine, or not favouring his accusers, soon dismissed him. He was attacked in a pamphlet entitled "Divorce at Pleasure," and in "An Answer to the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce;" which latter was licensed and recommended by Mr. Joseph Caryl, the famous commentator on Job. These occasioned Milton to publish, in 1645, (4.) "Collasterion: a Reply to a nameless Answer against the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce. Wherein the trivial Author of that Answer is discovered, the Licencer conferred with, and the Opinion which they traduce defended." These provocations, says Bishop Newton, I suppose, contributed not a little to make him such an enemy to the Presbyterians, to whom he had before distinguished himself a friend. He composed likewise two of his Sonnets on the reception his book of divorce met with; but the latter is much the better of the two. They are here inserted:

his relations, of the name of Blackborough in
St. Martin's Le Grand, he found his wife, who

SONNET XI.

ON THE RECEPTION HIS BOOK OF DIVORCE MET WITH.

A Book was writ of late, call'd Tetrachordon;
And woven close, both matter, form, and style;
The subject new; it walk'd the town a while,
Numb'ring good intellects: now seldom por'd on.

Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on
A title-page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonel, or Galasp?

Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp;
When thou taught'st Cambridge and King Edward
Greek.

SONNET XII.

ON THE SAME.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When strait a barbarous noise environs me,
Of Owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs.
As when those kinds that were transform'd to frogs
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
Licence they mean when they cry liberty;
For who loves that must first be wise and good;
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

fell prostrate before him, imploring forgiveness and reconciliation. It is not to be doubted but an interview of that nature, so little expected, must wonderfully affect him; and though at first he showed signs of aversion, yet he did not long remain inexorable: his wife's intreaties, and the intercession of friends on both sides, soon wrought upon his generous nature, and procured a happy reconciliation, with an act of oblivion for all that was past*.

—————Soon his heart relented
Tow'rds her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress.

PAR. LOST, B. x. 940.

And after this re-union, so far was he from retaining an unkind memory of the provocations which he had received from her ill conduct, that when the King's cause was entirely oppressed, and her father, who had been active in his loyalty, was exposed to sequestration, Milton received both him and his family to protection and free entertainment in his own house till their affairs were accommodated by his interest in the victorious party.

* Perhaps the impressions made on Milton's imagination by this affecting interview, contributed to the painting of that pathetic scene in *Paradise Lost*, in which Eve addresses herself to Adam for pardon and peace, Book x. ver. 909.—
See our Notes on that Book.

But while Milton was engaged in the controversy concerning divorce, he paid attention to other matters, as appears from several epistles which passed between him and the famous Mr. Mede and others. His letter to Mr. Samuel Hartlib on Education, has been already mentioned. In 1644 was published "Areopagitica: a Speech of John Milton, for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing. To the Parliament of England." As a suitable Motto to this speech, Milton chose the following passage from Euripides:

Τὸ λευθερον δ' ἐκείνο εἰ τις θελει πολεῖ
 Χρηστον τι βουλευμ' εἰς μεσον φερειν, εχων.
 Καὶ ταυθ' ὁ χρηζων λαμπρος εσθ', ὁ μὴ θελων,
 Σιγα τι τατων εστιν ἰσχυαιτερον πολεῖ;

HICETID.

This is true liberty, when free-born men,
 Having to advise the Public, may speak free,
 Which he who can and will, deserves high praise;
 Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace.
 What can be juster in a state than this? HICETID.

Bishop Newton observes, that this tract "was written at the desire of several learned men, and is perhaps the best vindication, that has been published, at any time or in any language, of that liberty which is the basis and support of all other liberties, the Liberty of the Press: but alas, it had not the desired effect! for the Presbyterians were as fond of exercising the licencing

power, when they had got it into their own hands, as they had been clamorous before in inveighing against it, while it was in the hands of the prelates."

In 1645 was published a collection of Milton's Poems, Latin and English; the principal of which are, *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Lycidas*, the *Mask of Comus*, &c. &c. If, says Bishop Newton, he had left no other monuments of his poetical genius behind him, these would have been sufficient to have rendered his name immortal.

Notwithstanding the studious disposition of Milton, and his inclination to lead the life of a private gentleman, it was intended to draw him forth into a more active and busy scene. A commission to constitute him Adjutant-General to Sir William Waller was actually promised; but soon superseded by Waller's being laid aside when the new modelling of the army took place.

On the death of the King several of the Presbyterians declaimed against the execution; and asserting that the person of the king was sacred and inviolable, provoked Milton to write and publish, in 1649, "*The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*: proving that it is lawful, and hath been held so through all Ages, for any, who have the power to call to account a Tyrant, or

wicked King, and after due Conviction, to depose and put him to death, if the ordinary Magistrate have neglected or denied to do it; and that they, who, of late, so much blame Deposing, are the Men that did it themselves." To the second edition of this treatise was added in the title-page, "Published now the second time with some additions, and many testimonies also added out of the best and learnedst among Protestant Divines, asserting the position of this book." Not long after this, he wrote his "Observations upon the Articles of Peace with the Irish Rebels, on the Letter of Ormond to Colonel Jones, and the Representation of the Presbytery at Belfast."

He now retired again to his private studies; and began to write a History of England, which he intended to have deduced from the earliest accounts, and to have brought it down to his own times. He had actually finished four books of it, when, neither courting nor expecting any such preferment, he was invited by the Council of State to be their Latin Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He served in this capacity under Oliver Cromwell, his son Richard Cromwell, and the Rump Parliament, until the Restoration of Charles II.; and, without doubt, says Bishop Newton, a better Latin pen could not have been found in the kingdom.

Soon after the death of the King, a book was published under the title of "Εἰκὼν Βασιλική," or the Royal Image. This book was calculated to excite greater commiseration in the minds of the people than the king himself did while alive; and Milton was directed by the parliament to prepare an answer to it; which was published, by authority, under the title of "Εἰκονοκλαστής," or the Image-Breaker. This piece was translated into French; and two replies to it were published, one in 1651, and the other in 1692, upon the reprinting of Milton's book at Amsterdam.

Milton's most celebrated prose-work is his "Defensio pro Populo Anglicano contra Claudii Anonymi, alius Salmasii, Defensionem Regiam." Salmasius was a man of uncommon abilities, and therefore he was courted by Charles II. to write a Defence of the late King, his father, and to traduce his adversaries; for which laudable undertaking he was presented with a hundred Jacobuses; and the book was published in 1649, with this title, "Defensio Regia pro Carolo I. ad Carolum II." It was in answer to this book that the parliament of England desired Milton to write his "Defensio pro Populo Anglicano," &c. but his health was so much impaired, and he was so weak in body, that he was under the necessity of writing it by piece-meal, which retarded its publication; so that it was not put forth

till 1651. An English translation of it, by Mr. Washington, of the Temple, is inserted in the later editions of Milton's Works*. The first

* "It was somewhat extraordinary (says Bishop Newton) that Salmasius, a pensioner to a republic, should pretend to write a defence of Monarchy; but the states (of Holland) shewed their disapprobation by publicly condemning his book, and ordering it to be suppressed. On the other hand, Milton's book was burnt at Paris, and at Toulouse by the hands of the common hangman; but this served only to procure it the more readers: it was read and talked of everywhere; and even they who were of different principles, yet could not but acknowledge that he was a good defender of a bad cause; and Salmasius's book underwent only one impression, while this of Milton passed through several editions. On the first appearance of it, he was visited or invited by all the foreign ministers at London, not excepting even those of crowned heads." He was likewise highly complimented by the literati of several nations, particularly those of France and Germany; but, "what gave him the greatest satisfaction (continues the learned Bishop) the work was highly applauded by those who had desired him to undertake it; and they made him a present of a thousand pounds; which in those days of frugality was reckoned no inconsiderable reward for his performance. But the case was far otherwise with Salmasius. He was then in high favour at the court of Christina, Queen of Sweden, who had invited thither several of the most learned men of all countries: but when Milton's Defence of the people of England was brought to Sweden, and was read to the Queen, at her own desire, he sunk immediately in her esteem and the opinion of every body; and though he talked big at first, and vowed the destruction of Milton and the parliament, yet, finding that he was looked upon with coldness, he thought proper to take leave of the court; and he who came in honour, was dismissed with contempt."

reply that was published to this book was in 1651, under the title of "*Apologia pro Rege & Populo Anglicano contra Johannis Polypragmatici (alias Miltoni Angli) Defensionem destructivam Regis & Populi Anglicani.*" It is unknown who was the author of this piece; but it was so mean a performance, and was written in such barbarous Latin, that Milton did not chuse to answer it, but directed one of his nephews to make a reply to it. It should, however, be acknowledged, that he supervised and corrected the MS. before it went to the press; so that it may in some measure be called his. It was published in 1652, with this title, "*Johannis Philippi Angli Responsio ad Apologiam anonymi cujusdam tenebrionis pro Rege & Populo Anglicano infantissimam.*"

For some time after his appointment to be Latin Secretary, Milton had an apartment for his family in Whitehall; but his health requiring a freer accession of air, he removed to a house in Petty France, which opened into St. James's Park; where he remained eight years, from the year 1652 till within a few weeks of the King's restoration. Not long after his settlement there, his wife died in child-bed. Much about the time of her death, a gutta serena, which had for several years been gradually increasing, totally extinguished his sight. In this melancholic condition he was easily prevailed

with to enter a second time into the matrimonial state with Catharine, the daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney: and she too, in less than a year after their marriage, died in the same unfortunate manner as the former had done; and in his twenty-third Sonnet he does honour to her memory*.

In 1652 appeared at the Hague "*Regii sanguinis Clamor ad Cœlum adversus Parricidas Anglicanos.*" This book was published by Alexander Morus, with a Dedication to Charles II. but the real author's name was Peter du Moulin. Against Morus, however, as the reputed author of the Book, Milton directed his satire in "*Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano;*" which appeared in 1654. Morus was highly chagrined at a truth told by Milton in

* ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me, like Alceftis, from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescu'd from death by force, though pale and faint;
 Mine as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint.
 Purification in th' old law did save,
 And such as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancy'd sight,
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

the following elegant poetical distich :

"Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori
Quis bene moratam morigeramque neget?"

which gave rise to his "Fides Publica," in answer to Milton; in which he declared Du Moulin to be the author. Milton imagined this to be a trick, and therefore persisted in his accusation, and endeavoured to make it good in his defence of himself, "Autoris pro se Defensio," which was published in 1655.

The same year, 1655, a writing in Latin was published in the name of the Lord Protector, setting forth the reasons of the war with Spain; but who was the real author we have not been able to discover: there can, however, be little doubt but that it came from the pen of Milton, both on account of the peculiar elegance of the style, and because it was his province to write such things, as Latin Secretary. At length, Oliver Cromwell being dead, and the government weak and unsettled, Milton thought fit again to advise the public, and therefore, in 1659, he published, "A Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes; shewing, that it is not lawful for any Power on Earth to compel in Matters of Religion." He likewise published a tract intituled, "Considerations on the likeliest Means to remove Hirelings out of the Church: wherein is also discoursed, of Tithes, Church-Fees,

Church-Revenues, and whether any Maintenance of Ministers can be settled by Law." These were both addressed "To the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England, with the Dominions thereof."

Milton now perceived that affairs tended more and more every day to the subversion of the commonwealth, and to the restoration of the Royal Family; and therefore published his "Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth, and the Excellence thereof compared with the Inconveniences and Dangers of readmitting Kingship in the Nation." Mr. Wood informs us, that Milton published this piece in February 1659-60: and after this he put forth "Brief Notes upon a late Sermon*, tituled, The Fear of God and the King, preached, and since published, by Matthew Griffith, D. D. and Chaplain to the late King; wherein many notorious Wrestings of Scripture and other Falsities are observed. By J. Milton." Thus it appears how bold and resolute Milton was in declaring his sentiments to the last, thinking that his voice was the voice of expiring liberty.

A short time before the King's landing, Milton was discharged from his office of Latin Secretary; when he left his house in Petty France, and fled, for shelter, to that of a friend in Bar-

* This Sermon was preached March 25, 1660.

tholomew Close, near West Smithfield, where he was concealed till the worst of the storm was blown over. On the 29th of August, 1660, notwithstanding several rigorous transactions of the House of Commons, Milton was included in the act of indemnity.

Having thus gained a full protection from the Government, he appeared as much in public as he formerly used to do; and removed to a house near Red Lion Fields, in Holborn. Here, however, he did not long continue, but took a house in Jewen Street, near Aldersgate Street. While in this habitation, being in his 53d or 54th year, and blind and infirm, he wanted somebody better than servants to tend and look after him; and therefore he employed his friend Dr. Paget to make choice of a proper consort for him. On his recommendation, he married his third wife, Elizabeth, the daughter of Mr. Minshul, a Cheshire Gentleman; by whom he had no issue*. Three daughters by his first wife were then liv-

* It is recorded, that an offer was made to Milton, as well as to Thurloe, of holding the same place of Secretary under the King, which he had discharged with so much integrity and ability under Cromwell; but he, having adopted his ideas of Republicanism from principle, and being steady to his purpose, persisted in refusing it, notwithstanding his wife (Elizabeth Minshul,) pressed his compliance: "Thou art in the right (says he): you, as other women, would ride in your coach; for me, my aim is to live and die an honest man."

ing; the two elder of whom are said to have been very serviceable to him in his studies. For, having been instructed to pronounce not only the modern, but also the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, they read in their respective originals whatever authors he wanted to consult, though they understood none but their mother-tongue. This employment, however, was too unpleasant to be continued for any long process of time; and therefore he dismissed them, to receive an education more agreeable to their sex and temper.

Milton did not, however, long remain at Jewen Street, but removed to a house in the Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields, where he continued to the day of his death, except a small interval that he retired to Buckinghamshire during the raging of the plague in London in 1665.

We come now to take a survey of him in that point of view in which he will be looked on by all succeeding ages with equal delight and admiration. An interval of above twenty years had elapsed since he wrote the *Mask of Comus*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and *Lycidas*; all written in an exquisite strain: but, neither the infirmities of age and constitution, nor the vicissitudes of fortune, could depress the vigour of his mind, or divert it from executing a design

he had * long conceived of writing an Heroic Poem. The Fall of Man was a subject which he had some years before fixed on for a Tragedy, which he intended to form by the models of Antiquity: and some, not without probability, say the play opened with that speech in the fourth book of *PARADISE LOST*, ver. 32, which is addressed by Satan to the Sun. But whatever truth there may be in this report, 'tis certain that he did not begin to mold his subject in the form it bears now, before he had concluded his controversy with Salmasius and More, when he had wholly lost the use of his eyes, and was forced to employ in the office of an Amanuensis any friend who accidentally paid him a visit. Yet, under all these discouragements and various interruptions, in the year 1667 he published his *PARADISE LOST*; the noblest Poem (next to those of Homer and Virgil) that ever the wit of man produced in any age or nation. Need I mention any other evidence of its inestimable worth, than that the finest Geniuses who have succeeded him, have ever esteemed it a merit to relish and illustrate its beauties? Whilst the Critic who gazed with so much wanton malice on the nakedness of Shakspeare when he slept, after having † formally declared war against it,

* *Par. Lost*, B. IX. Ver. 26.

† Rymer's *Tragedies of the Last Age* considered, p. 143.

wanted courage to make his attack ; flushed though he was with his conquests over Julius Cæsar, and The Moor : which insolence his Muse, like the other assassins of Cæsar *, severely revenged on herself ; and not long after her triumph, became her own executioner. Nor is it unworthy our observation, that though, perhaps, no one of our English Poets hath excited so many admirers to imitate his manner, yet I think never any was known to aspire to emulation : even the late ingenious Mr. Philips, who in the colours of style, came the nearest of all the copiers to resemble the great original, made his distant advances with a filial reverence ; and restrained his ambition within the same bounds which Lucretius prescribed to his own imitation.

Non ita certandi cupidus, quàm propter amorem

Quod te imitari aveo : quid enim contendat hirundo

Cycnis? —

And now perhaps it may pass for fiction, what with great veracity I affirm to be a fact, that MILTON, after having with much difficulty prevailed to have this Divine Poem licenced for the Press, could scarcely find a purchaser for the Copy ! At length, however, he sold it for FIVE pounds ; but was to receive FIVE pounds more

* Vide EDGAR.

after the sale of 1300 of the first impression, FIVE more after the sale of as many of the second, and FIVE more after the sale of as many of the third. The number of each impression was not to exceed 1500. What a poor consideration was this for so inestimable a performance! and how much more do others get by the works of great authors, than the authors themselves! The original contract with Samuel Simmons, the printer, is dated April 27, 1667. Notwithstanding the superexcellence of the piece, two years almost elapsed before 1300 copies could be sold, or before the author was entitled to his second FIVE pounds; for which his receipt, Bishop Newton informs us, is still in being, and is dated April 26, 1669. This is probably all he received; for he lived not to enjoy the benefits of the second edition, which was not published till 1674, in which year he died: but it appears that Milton had left his remaining right in the copy to his widow, who agreed with Simmons the printer to accept EIGHT pounds in full of all demands! and her receipt for the money is dated December 21, 1680!

About * two years after, together with SAMSON AGONISTES (a tragedy not unworthy the Grecian Stage when Athens was in her glory)

* They were licenced July 2, 1670, but not printed before the year ensuing.

he published *PARADISE REGAINED*. But it is not equal to *PARADISE LOST*; though, to be more admired, it needs only to be better known*.

* Concerning the origin of *Paradise Regained* we may just observe, that when Milton had lent Elwood the manuscript of *Paradise Lost*, at St. Giles Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, whither he had retired during the raging of the plague in London, and having asked him how he liked it? and what he thought of it? Elwood said, "which I modestly but freely told him; and after some farther discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, Thou hast said much of *Paradise Lost*, but what hast thou to say of *Paradise found*? He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then broke off that discourse, and fell upon another subject." When Elwood afterwards waited on him in London, Milton shewed him his *Paradise Regained*, and in a pleasant tone of voice said to him, "This is owing to you; for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of." "It is commonly reported (says Bishop Newton) that Milton himself preferred this poem to *Paradise Lost*; but all that we can assert upon good authority is, that he could not endure to hear this poem cried down so much as it was, in comparison with the other: for, certainly it is very worthy of the author; and, contrary to what Mr. Toland relates, Milton may be seen in *Paradise Regained* as well as in *Paradise Lost*: if it is inferior in poetry, I know not whether it is not superior in sentiment; if it is less descriptive, it is more argumentative; if it does not sometimes rise so high, neither doth it ever sink so low; and it has not met with the approbation it deserves, only because it has not been more read and considered. His subject indeed is confined, and he has a narrow foundation to build upon; but he has raised as noble a superstructure as such little room and such scanty materials would allow. The great beauty of

In 1672 he published "*Artis Logicæ plenior Institutio ad Petri Rami methodum concinnata*;" and the year following, "A Treatise of True Religion, and the best Means to prevent the Growth of Popery." In 1674 were printed, "*Epistolarum Familiarum, Lib. I. et Prolusiones quædam Oratoriæ in Collegio Christi habitæ*;" as was also his translation of the "Declaration of the Poles concerning the Election of their King John III. setting forth the Merits and Virtues of that Prince." He also wrote "A Brief History of Muscovy, collected from the Relations of several Travellers;" but it was not printed till 1682. His State Letters, which he caused to be transcribed at the request of the Danish ambassador, at that time resident at the court of London, were likewise not printed till 1676; a translation of them into English appeared in 1694; to which translation a Life of Milton was prefixed by his nephew, Mr. Edward Philips.

And thus having attended him to the sixty-sixth year of his age, as closely as such imperfect lights as men of letters and retirement usually leave to guide our inquiry, would allow, it now only remains to be recorded, that about the 10th of November, 1674, the gout put a period to his life, at his house in Bunhill Row, near London. it is, the contrast between the Tempter and our Saviour: the artful sophistry and specious insinuations of the one, refuted by the strong sense and manly eloquence of the other."

don; whence his body was conveyed to St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, where it lies interred in the Chancel, near that of his father, who died very aged about the year 1646.

Notwithstanding the greatness of Milton's character, and the public life which he led, no monument was erected to his memory till, in the year 1737, one was put up in Westminster Abbey, at the expence of Auditor Benson. A small neat monument was likewise set up in the middle aisle of St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, to his memory, in September 1793. It consists of a bust, as animated as the chissel of the artist could make it, the sculpture of Bacon. There is no "storied urn," but underneath is a plain tablet, with the following inscription:

"JOHN MILTON, Author of PARADISE LOST, born December, 1608, died November, 1674. His father, JOHN MILTON, died March, 1646. They were both interred in this Church."

The Poet is said to have been in his youth extremely handsome: the colour of his hair was a light brown; the symmetry of his features exact, enlivened with an agreeable air, and a beautiful mixture of fair and ruddy; which occasioned the Marquis of Villa to give his Epigram ("Ut mens, forma," &c. above cited) the same turn of thought, which Gregory Arch-Deacon of Rome had employed above a thousand years before, in prais-

ing the amiable complexions of some English youths, before their conversion to Christianity. His stature (* as we find it measured by himself) did not exceed the middle size; neither too lean, nor corpulent: his limbs well proportioned, nervous, and active; serviceable in all respects to his exercising the sword, in which he much delighted; and wanted neither skill nor courage to resent an affront from men of the most athletic constitutions. In his diet he was abstemious; not delicate in the choice of his dishes; and strong liquors of all kinds were his aversion. Being too sadly convinced how much his health had suffered by night-studies in his younger years, he used to go early, seldom later than nine, to rest; and rose commonly before five in the morning. It is reported, (and there is a passage in one of his Latin Elegies to countenance the tradition,) that his fancy made the happiest flights in the spring: but one of his nephews used to deliver it as MILTON's own observation, that his invention was in its highest perfection from September to the Vernal Equinox: however it was, the great inequalities to be found in his composures, are incontestable proofs, that in some seasons he was but one of the people. When blindness restrained him from other exercises, he had a machine to swing in, for the preservation of his health;

* Defensio secunda, p. 87. Fol.

and diverted himself in his chamber with playing on an organ. His deportment was erect, open, affable; his conversation easy, cheerful, instructive; his wit on all occasions at command, facetious, grave, or satirical, as the subject required. His judgment, when disengaged from religious and political speculations, was just and penetrating; his apprehension quick; his memory, tenacious of what he read; his reading only not so extensive as his genius, for that was universal. And having treasured up such immense stores of science, perhaps the faculties of his soul grew more vigorous after he was deprived of his sight: and his imagination, naturally sublime, and enlarged by reading Romances *, of which he was much enamoured in his youth, when it was wholly abstracted from material objects, was more at liberty to make such amazing excursions into the ideal world, when in composing his divine work he was tempted to range

Beyond the visible diurnal sphere.

With so many accomplishments, not to have had some faults and misfortunes, to be laid in the balance with the fame and felicity of writing *PARADISE LOST*, would have been too great a portion for humanity.

* His Apology for Smectymnuus, p. 177. Fol.

Of Milton's family it may be necessary to observe, that his sister first married Mr. Philips, and afterwards Mr. Agar, a friend of her first husband, who succeeded him in the Crown-Office. She had by her first husband Edward and John, the two nephews whom Milton educated; and by her second, two daughters.

His brother, Sir Christopher, had two daughters, Mary and Catherine, and a son Thomas, who succeeded Agar in the Crown-Office, and left a daughter living in 1749, in Grosvenor-Street.

Milton had children only by his first wife; Anne, Mary, and Deborah. Anne, though deformed, married a Master-builder, and died of her first child. Mary died single. Deborah married Abraham Clark, a weaver in Spital Fields, and lived seventy-six years, to August, 1727.

To this gentlewoman Addison made a present, and promised some establishment; but died soon after. Queen Caroline sent her fifty guineas. She had seven sons and three daughters; but none of them had any children, except her son Caleb and her daughter Elizabeth. Caleb went to Fort St. George, in the East Indies, and had two sons; of whom nothing is now known. Elizabeth married Thomas Foster, a weaver in Spital Fields, and had seven children; who all died. She kept a petty grocer's or chandler's

shop, first at Holloway, and afterwards in Cock-Lane, near Shoreditch Church. On the 5th of April, 1750, the Mask of Comus was played for her benefit. She had so little acquaintance with diversion or gaiety, that she did not know what was intended when a benefit was offered her. The profits of the night were only one hundred and thirty pounds, though Dr. Newton brought a large contribution; and twenty pounds were given by Tonson: a man who is to be praised as often as he is named. Of this sum one hundred pounds were placed in the stocks, after some debate between her and her husband in whose name it should be entered; and the rest augmented their little stock, with which they removed to Islington. This was the greatest benefaction that Paradise Lost ever procured the Author's descendants. On this occasion Dr. Johnson contributed a Prologue.

DISSERTATION
ON THE
POETICAL WORKS OF MILTON,
WITH
OBSERVATIONS
ON
HIS LANGUAGE AND VERSIFICATION,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

IN the examination of Milton's Poetical Works, I shall pay so much regard to time as to begin with his juvenile productions. For his early pieces he seems to have had a degree of fondness not very laudable: what he has once written he resolves to preserve, and gives to the public an unfinished poem, which he broke off because he was "nothing satisfied with what he had done;" supposing his readers less nice than himself. These preludes to his future labours are in Italian, Latin, and English. Of the Italian I cannot pretend to speak as a Critic;

but I have heard them commended by a man well qualified to decide their merit. The Latin pieces are lusciously elegant; but the delight which they afford is rather by the exquisite imitation of the ancient writers, by the purity of the diction, and the harmony of the numbers, than by any power of invention, or vigour of sentiment. They are not all of equal value; the Elegies excel the Odes; and some of the Exercises on Gunpowder Treason might have been spared.

The English Poems, though they make no promises of *Paradise Lost*, have this evidence of genius, that they have a cast original and un-borrowed. But their peculiarity is not excellence; if they differ from the verses of others, they differ for the worse; for they are too often distinguished by repulsive harshness; the combinations of words are new, but they are not pleasing; the rhymes and epithets seem to be laboriously sought, and violently applied.

That in the early part of his life he wrote with much care, appears from his manuscripts (happily preserved at Cambridge) in which many of his smaller works are found as they were first written, with the subsequent corrections. Such reliques show how excellence is acquired. What we hope ever to do with ease, we may learn first to do with diligence.

Those who admire the beauties of this great Poet, sometimes force their own judgment into

false approbation of his little pieces, and prevail upon themselves to think that admirable which is only singular. All that short compositions can commonly attain, is neatness and elegance. Milton never learned the art of doing little things with grace; he overlooked the milder excellence of suavity and softness; he was a lion that had no skill in dandling the kid.

One of the poems on which much praise has been bestowed, is *Lycidas*; of which the diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleasing. What beauty there is, we must therefore seek in the sentiments and images. It is not to be considered as the effusion of real passion; for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions. Passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon *Arethuse* and *Mincius*, nor tells of rough "satyrs and fauns with cloven heel." Where there is leisure for fiction there is little grief.

In this Poem there is no nature, for there is no truth; there is no art, for there is nothing new. Its form is that of a pastoral, easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting: whatever images it can supply, are long ago exhausted; and its inherent improbability always forces dissatisfaction on the mind. When *Cowley* tells of *Hervey* that they studied together, it is easy to suppose how much he must miss the companion of his labours, and the partner of his discoveries;

but what image of tenderness can be excited by these lines?

We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night.

We know that they never drove afield, and that they had no flocks to batten; and though it be allowed that the representation may be allegorical, the true meaning is so uncertain and remote, that it is never sought, because it cannot be known when it is found.

Among the flocks, and copses, and flowers, appear the heathen deities; Jove and Phoebus, Neptune and Eolus, with a long train of mythological imagery, such as a college easily supplies. Nothing can less display knowledge, or less exercise invention, than to tell how a shepherd has lost his companion, and must now feed his flocks alone, without any judge of his skill in piping; and how one god asks another god what is become of Lycidas, and how neither god can tell. He who thus grieves, will excite no sympathy; he who thus praises, will confer no honour.

This poem has yet a grosser fault. With these trifling fictions are mingled the most awful and sacred truths, such as ought never to be polluted with such irreverent combinations. The shepherd likewise is now a feeder of sheep, and

afterwards an ecclesiastical pastor, a superintendent of a Christian flock. Such equivocations are always unskilful; but here they are indecent, and at least approach to impiety; of which, however, I believe the writer not to have been conscious.

Such is the power of reputation justly acquired, that its blaze drives away the eye from nice examination. Surely, no man could have fancied that he read *Lycidas* with pleasure, had he not known its Author.

Of the two pieces, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, I believe opinion is uniform: every man that reads them, reads them with pleasure. The Author's design is not, what Theobald has remarked, merely to show how objects derive their colours from the mind, by representing the operation of the same things upon the gay and the melancholy temper, or upon the same man as he is differently disposed; but rather how, among the successive variety of appearances, every disposition of mind takes hold on those by which it may be gratified.

The cheerful man hears the lark in the morning; the pensive man hears the nightingale in the evening. The cheerful man sees the cock strut, and hears the horn and hounds echo in the wood; then walks, not unseen, to observe the glory of the rising sun, or listen to the singing milk-maid, and view the labours of

the plowman and the mower; then casts his eyes about him over scenes of smiling plenty, and looks up to the distant tower, the residence of some fair inhabitant. Thus he pursues rural gaiety through a day of labour or of play, and delights himself at night with the fanciful narratives of superstitious ignorance.

The pensive man, at one time, walks unseen to muse at midnight; and at another, hears the sullen curfew. If the weather drives him home, he sits in a room lighted only by glowing embers; or, by a lonely lamp, outwatches the North Star, to discover the habitation of separate souls; and varies the shades of meditation by contemplating the magnificent or pathetic scenes of tragic and epic poetry. When the morning comes, a morning gloomy with rain and wind, he walks into the dark trackless woods, falls asleep by some murmuring water, and with melancholic enthusiasm expects some dream of prognostication, or some music played by aerial performers.

Both Mirth and Melancholy are solitary, silent inhabitants of the breast, that neither receive nor transmit communication; no mention is therefore made of a philosophical friend, or a pleasant companion. Seriousness does not arise from any participation of calamity, nor gaiety from the pleasures of the bottle.

The man of cheerfulness, having exhausted

the country, tries what towered cities will afford, and mingles with scenes of splendor, gay assemblies, and nuptial festivities ; but he mingles a mere spectator, as, when the learned comedies of Jonson, or the wild dramas of Shakspeare, are exhibited, he attends the theatre.

The pensive man never loses himself in crowds, but walks the cloister, or frequents the cathedral. Milton probably had not yet forsaken the church.

Both his characters delight in music ; but he seems to think that cheerful notes would have obtained from Pluto a complete dismissal of Eurydice, of whom solemn sounds only procured a conditional release.

For the old age of Cheerfulness he makes no provision ; but Melancholy he conducts with great dignity to the close of life.

Through these two poems the images are properly selected, and nicely distinguished ; but the colours of the diction seem not sufficiently discriminated. His cheerfulness is without levity, and his pensiveness without asperity. I know not whether the characters are kept sufficiently apart. No mirth can, indeed, be found in his melancholy ; but I am afraid that I always meet some melancholy in his mirth. They are two noble efforts of imagination.

The greatest of his juvenile performances is the Mask of Comus ; in which may very plainly

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The greatest of his juvenile performances is the Mask of Comus; in which may very plainly

be discovered the dawn or twilight of Paradise Lost. Milton appears to have formed very early that system of diction, and mode of verse, which his maturer judgment approved, and from which he never endeavoured nor desired to deviate.

Nor does Comus afford only a specimen of his language; it exhibits likewise his power of description, and his vigour of sentiment, employed in the praise and defence of virtue. A work more truly poetical is rarely found; allusions, images, and descriptive epithets, embellish almost every period with lavish decoration. As a series of lines, therefore, it may be considered as worthy of all the admiration with which the votaries have received it.

As a drama it is deficient. The action is not probable. A Masque, in those parts where supernatural intervention is admitted, must indeed be given up to all the freaks of imagination; but, so far as the action is merely human, it ought to be reasonable, which can hardly be said of the conduct of the two Brothers; who, when their Sister sinks with fatigue in a pathless wilderness, wander both away together in search of berries, too far to find their way back, and leave a helpless Lady to all the sadness and danger of solitude. This, however, is a defect overbalanced by its convenience.

What deserves more reprehension is, that the

prologue spoken in the wild wood by the attendant Spirit, is addressed to the audience: a mode of communication so contrary to the nature of dramatic representation, that no precedents can support it.

The discourse of the Spirit is too long: an objection that may be made to almost all the following speeches: they have not the sprightliness of a dialogue animated by reciprocal contention, but seem rather declamations deliberately composed, and formally repeated, on a moral question. The auditor therefore listens as to a lecture; without passion, without anxiety.

The song of Comus has airiness and jollity; but, what may recommend Milton's morals as well as his poetry, the invitations to pleasure are so general, that they excite no distinct images of corrupt enjoyment, and take no dangerous hold on the fancy.

The following soliloquies of Comus and the Lady are elegant, but tedious. The song must owe much to the voice, if it ever can delight. At last the Brothers enter, with too much tranquillity; and when they have feared lest their sister should be in danger, and hoped that she is not in danger, the elder makes a speech in praise of chastity; and the younger finds how fine it is to be a philosopher.

Then descends the Spirit, in form of a shepherd; and the Brother, instead of being in

haste to ask his help, praises his singing, and enquires his business in that place. It is remarkable, that at this interview the Brother is taken with a short fit of rhyming. The Spirit relates that the Lady is in the power of Comus; the Brother moralizes again; and the Spirit makes a long narration, of no use because it is false, and therefore unsuitable to a good being.

In all these parts the language is poetical, and the sentiments are generous; but there is something wanting to allure attention.

The dispute between the Lady and Comus is the most animated and affecting scene of the drama, and wants nothing but a brisker reciprocation of objections and replies to invite attention, and detain it.

The songs are vigorous, and full of imagery; but they are harsh in their diction, and not very musical in their numbers.

Throughout the whole, the figures are too bold, and the language too luxuriant for dialogue. It is a drama in the epic style, inelegantly splendid, and tediously instructive.

The Sonnets were written in different parts of Milton's life, upon different occasions. They deserve not any particular criticism; for of the best it can only be said, that they are not bad; and perhaps only the eighth and the twenty-first are truly entitled to this slender commendation. The fabric of a sonnet, however adap-

ted to the Italian language, has never succeeded in ours; which, having greater variety of termination, requires the rhymes to be often changed.

Those little pieces may be dispatched without much anxiety; a greater work calls for greater care. I am now to examine *Paradise Lost*: a Poem which, considered with respect to design, may claim the first place, and with respect to performance the second, among the productions of the human mind.

By the general consent of critics, the first praise of genius is due to the writer of an epic poem, as it requires an assemblage of all the powers which are singly sufficient for other compositions. Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason. Epic Poetry undertakes to teach the most important truths by the most pleasing precepts, and therefore relates some great event in the most affecting manner. History must supply the writer with the rudiments of narration, which he must improve and exalt by a nobler art, animate by dramatic energy, and diversify by retrospection and anticipation. Morality must teach him the exact bounds, and different shades, of vice and virtue. From policy, and the practice of life, he has to learn the discriminations of character, and the tendency of the passions, either single or combined; and

physiology must supply him with illustrations and images. To put these materials to poetical use, is required an imagination capable of painting nature, and realizing fiction. Nor is he yet a poet till he has attained the whole extension of his language, distinguished all the delicacies of phrase, and all the colours of words, and learned to adjust their different sounds to all the varieties of metrical modulation.

Bossu is of opinion, that the poet's first work is to find a moral, which his fable is afterwards to illustrate and establish. This seems to have been the process only of Milton: the moral of other poems is incidental and consequent; in Milton's only it is essential and intrinsic. His purpose was the most useful and the most arduous; "to vindicate the ways of God to man;" to shew the reasonableness of religion, and the necessity of obedience to the Divine Law.

To convey this moral, there must be a fable, a narration artfully constructed, so as to excite curiosity, and surprize expectation. In this part of his work, Milton must be confessed to have equalled every other poet. He has involved in his account of the Fall of Man the events which preceded, and those that were to follow it; he has interwoven the whole system of theology with such propriety, that every part appears to be necessary; and scarcely any recital is wished shorter for the sake of quickening the progress of the main action.

The subject of an epic poem is naturally an event of great importance. That of Milton is not the destruction of a city, the conduct of a colony, or the foundation of an empire. His subject is the fate of worlds, the revolutions of heaven and of earth; rebellion against the Supreme King, raised by the highest order of created beings; the overthrow of their host, and the punishment of their crime; the creation of a new race of reasonable creatures; their original happiness and innocence, their forfeiture of immortality, and their restoration to hope and peace.

Great events can be hastened or retarded only by persons of elevated dignity. Before the greatness displayed in Milton's Poem, all other greatness shrinks away. The weakest of his agents are the highest and noblest of human beings, the original parents of mankind; with whose actions the elements consented; on whose rectitude, or deviation of will, depended the state of terrestrial nature, and the condition of all the future inhabitants of the globe.

Of the other agents in the Poem, the chief are such as it is irreverence to name on slight occasions. The rest were lower powers;

— of which the least could wield

Those elements, and arm him with the force

Of all their regions;

powers which only the controul of Omnipotence restrains from laying creation waste, and filling the vast expanse of space with ruin and confusion. To display the motives and actions of beings thus superior, so far as human reason can examine them, or human imagination represent them, is the task which this mighty Poet has undertaken and performed.

In the examination of epic poems much speculation is commonly employed upon the characters. The characters in the *Paradise Lost*, which admit of examination, are those of angels and of man: of angels good and evil; of man in his innocent and sinful state.

Among the angels, the virtue of Raphael is mild and placid, of easy condescension and free communication; that of Michael is regal and lofty, and, as may seem, attentive to the dignity of his own nature. Abdiel and Gabriel appear occasionally, and act as every incident requires: the solitary fidelity of Abdiel is very amiably painted.

Of the evil angels the characters are more diversified. To Satan, as Addison observes, such sentiments are given as suit "the most exalted and most depraved being." Milton has been censured (by Clarke) for the impiety which sometimes breaks from Satan's mouth; for there are thoughts, as he justly remarks, which no observation of character can justify, because no good

man would willingly permit them to pass, however transiently, through his own mind. To make Satan speak as a rebel, without any such expressions as might taint the reader's imagination, was indeed one of the great difficulties in Milton's undertaking; and I cannot but think that he has extricated himself with great happiness. There is in Satan's speeches little that can give pain to a pious ear. The language of rebellion cannot be the same with that of obedience. The malignity of Satan foams in haughtiness and obstinacy; but his expressions are commonly general, and no otherwise offensive than as they are wicked.

The other chiefs of the celestial rebellion are very judiciously discriminated in the First and Second Books; and the ferocious character of Moloch appears, both in the battle and the council, with exact consistency.

To Adam and to Eve are given, during their innocence, such sentiments as innocence can generate and utter. Their love is pure benevolence and mutual veneration; their repasts are without luxury, and their diligence without toil. Their addresses to their Maker have little more than the voice of admiration and gratitude. Fruition left them nothing to ask, and Innocence left them nothing to fear.

But with guilt enter distrust and discord, mutual accusation, and stubborn self-defence;

they regard each other with alienated minds, and dread their Creator as the Avenger of their transgression. At last they seek shelter in his mercy, soften to repentance, and melt in supplication. Both before and after the Fall, the superiority of Adam is diligently sustained.

Of the probable and the marvellous, two parts of a vulgar epic poem, which immerge the critic in deep consideration, the *Paradise Lost* requires little to be said. It contains the history of a miracle, of Creation and Redemption; it displays the power and the mercy of the Supreme Being; the probable therefore is marvellous, and the marvellous is probable. The substance of the narrative is truth; and as truth allows no choice, it is, like necessity, superior to rule. To the accidental or adventitious parts, as to every thing human, some slight exceptions may be made. But the main fabric is immoveably supported.

It is justly remarked by Addison, that this Poem has, by the nature of its subject, the advantage above all others, that it is universally and perpetually interesting. All mankind will, through all ages, bear the same relation to Adam and to Eve, and must partake of that good and evil which extend to themselves.

Of the machinery, so called from *Θεος απο μηχανης*, by which is meant the occasional interposition of supernatural power, another fertile topic

of critical remarks, here is no room to speak, because every thing is done under the immediate and visible direction of Heaven; but the rule is so far observed, that no part of the action could have been accomplished by any other means.

Of episodes, I think there are only two; contained in Raphael's relation of the war in Heaven, and Michael's prophetic account of the changes to happen in this world. Both are closely connected with the great action: one was necessary to Adam, as a warning; the other, as a consolation.

To the completeness or integrity of the design, nothing can be objected; it has distinctly and clearly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end. There is perhaps no poem, of the same length, from which so little can be taken without apparent mutilation. Here are no funeral games, nor is there any long description of a shield. The short digressions at the beginning of the third, seventh, and ninth books, might doubtless be spared; but superfluities so beautiful, who would take away? or who does not wish that the Author of the Iliad had gratified succeeding ages with a little knowledge of himself? Perhaps no passages are more frequently or more attentively read than those extrinsic paragraphs; and, since the end of poetry is pleasure, that cannot be unpoetical with which all are pleased.

The questions, whether the action of the Poem be strictly one? whether the Poem can be properly termed heroic? and who is the hero? are raised by such readers as draw their principles of judgment rather from books than from reason. Milton, though he intituled *Paradise Lost* only a Poem, yet calls it himself *Heroic Song*. Dryden, petulantly and indecently, denies the heroism of Adam, because he was overcome; but there is no reason why the hero should not be unfortunate, except established practice, since success and virtue do not go necessarily together. Cato is the hero of Lucan; but Lucan's authority will not be suffered by Quintilian to decide. However, if success be necessary, Adam's deceiver was at last crushed; Adam was restored to his Maker's favour, and therefore may securely resume his human rank.

After the scheme and fabric of the Poem, must be considered its component parts, the sentiments, and the diction.

The sentiments, as expressive of manners, or appropriated to characters, are, for the greater part, unexceptionably just.

Splendid passages, containing lessons of morality, or precepts of prudence, occur seldom. Such is the original formation of this Poem, that as it admits no human manners till the Fall, it can give little assistance to human conduct. Its end is to raise the thoughts above sublunary

cares or pleasures. Yet the praise of that fortitude, with which Abdiel maintained his singularity of virtue against the scorn of multitudes, may be accommodated to all times; and Raphael's reproof of Adam's curiosity after the planetary motions, with the answer returned by Adam, may be confidently opposed to any rule of life which any poet has delivered.

The thoughts which are occasionally called forth in the progress, are such as could only be produced by an imagination in the highest degree fervid and active; to which materials were supplied by incessant study and unlimited curiosity. The heat of Milton's mind might be said to sublimate his learning; to throw off into his Work the spirit of science, unmingled with its grosser parts.

He had considered creation in its whole extent; and his descriptions are therefore learned: he had accustomed his imagination to unrestrained indulgence; and his conceptions therefore were extensive. The characteristic quality of his Poem is sublimity. He sometimes descends to the elegant; but his element is the great. He can occasionally invest himself with grace; but his natural port is gigantic loftiness*. He can please when pleasure is required; but it is his peculiar power to astonish.

Algarotti terms it "*gigantesca sublimita Miltoniana*."

He seems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to know what it was that Nature had bestowed upon him more bountifully than upon others: the power of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful. He therefore chose a subject on which too much could not be said; on which he might tire his fancy without the censure of extravagance.

The appearances of nature, and the occurrences of life, did not satiate his appetite of greatness. To paint things as they are, requires a minute attention, and employs the memory rather than the fancy. Milton's delight was to sport in the wide regions of possibility: reality was a scene too narrow for his mind. He sent his faculties out upon discovery, into worlds where only imagination can travel; and delighted to form new modes of existence, and furnish sentiment and action to superior beings; to trace the counsels of hell, or accompany the choirs of heaven.

But he could not be always in other worlds: he must sometimes revisit earth, and tell of things visible and known. When he cannot raise wonder by the sublimity of his mind, he gives delight by its fertility.

Whatever be his subject, he never fails to fill the imagination. But his images and descrip-

tions of the scenes or operations of Nature, do not seem to be always copied from original form, nor to have the freshness, raciness, and energy of immediate observation. He saw Nature, as Dryden expresses it, "through the spectacles of books;" and on most occasions calls learning to his assistance. The garden of Eden brings to his mind the vale of Enna, where Prosperine was gathering flowers. Satan makes his way through fighting elements, like Argo between the Cyanean rocks, or Ulysses between the two Sicilian whirlpools, when he shunned Charybdis on the larboard. The mythological allusions have been justly censured, as not being always used with notice of their vanity; but they contribute variety to the narration, and produce an alternate exercise of the memory and the fancy.

His similies are less numerous, and more various, than those of his predecessors. But he does not confine himself within the limits of rigorous comparison: his great excellence is amplitude; and he expands the adventitious image beyond the dimensions which the occasion required. Thus, comparing the shield of Satan to the orb of the Moon, he crowds the imagination with the discovery of the telescope, and all the wonders which the telescope discovers.

Of his moral sentiments, it is hardly praise to affirm, that they excel those of all other poets.

For this superiority he was indebted to his acquaintance with the Sacred Writings. The ancient epic poets, wanting the light of Revelation, were very unskilful teachers of virtue: their principal characters may be great, but they are not amiable. The reader may rise from their works with a greater degree of active or passive fortitude, and sometimes of prudence; but he will be able to carry away few precepts of justice, and none of mercy.

From the Italian writers it appears, that the advantages of even Christian knowledge may be possessed in vain. Ariosto's pravity is generally known; and though the Deliverance of Jerusalem may be considered as a sacred subject, the poet has been very sparing of moral instruction.

In Milton, every line breathes sanctity of thought and purity of manners, except when the train of the narration requires the introduction of the rebellious spirits; and even they are compelled to acknowledge their subjection to God, in such a manner as excites reverence, and confirms piety.

Of human beings there are but two; but those two are the Parents of Mankind; venerable before their fall for dignity and innocence, and amiable after it for repentance and submission. In their first state their affection is tender without weakness, and their piety sublime without presumption. When they have sinned, they

show how discord begins in natural frailty, and how it ought to cease in mutual forbearance; how confidence of the divine favour is forfeited by sin, and how hope of pardon may be obtained by penitence and prayer. A state of innocence we can only conceive, if indeed, in our present misery, it be possible to conceive it; but the sentiments and worship proper to a fallen and offending being, we have all to learn, as we have all to practise.

The Poet, whatever be done, is always great. Our progenitors, in their first state, conversed with angels; even when folly and sin had degraded them, they had not in their humiliation the "port of mean suitors;" and they rise again to reverential regard, when we find that their prayers were heard.

As human passions did not enter the world before the Fall, there is in the *Paradise Lost* little opportunity for the pathetic; but what little there is has not been lost. That passion which is peculiar to rational nature, the anguish arising from the consciousness of transgression, and the horrors attending the sense of the divine displeasure, are very justly described and forcibly impressed. But the passions are moved only on one occasion: sublimity is the general and prevailing quality in this Poem; sublimity variously modified, sometimes descriptive, sometimes argumentative.

The defects and faults of *Paradise Lost* (for faults and defects every work of man must have) it is the business of impartial criticism to discover. As, in displaying the excellence of Milton, I have not made long quotations, because of selecting beauties there had been no end, I shall in the same general manner mention that which seems to deserve censure; for what Englishman can take delight in transcribing passages which, if they lessen the reputation of Milton, diminish in some degree the honour of our country?

The generality of my scheme does not admit the frequent notice of verbal inaccuracies, which Bentley, perhaps better skilled in grammar than in poetry, has often found, though he sometimes made them, and which he imputed to the obtrusions of a reviser whom the Author's blindness obliged him to employ. A supposition rash and groundless, if he thought it true; and vile and pernicious, if, as is said, he in private allowed it to be false.

The plan of *Paradise Lost* has this inconvenience, that it comprizes neither human actions nor human manners. The man and woman who act and suffer, are in a state which no other man or woman can ever know. The reader finds no transaction in which he can be engaged; beholds no condition in which he can by any effort of imagination place himself: he

has, therefore, little natural curiosity or sympathy.

We all, indeed, feel the effects of Adam's disobedience; we all sin like Adam, and, like him, must all bewail our offences; we have restless and insidious enemies in the fallen angels, and in the blessed spirits we have guardians and friends; in the redemption of mankind we hope to be included; and in the description of Heaven and Hell we are surely interested, as we are all to reside hereafter either in the regions of horror or of bliss.

But these truths are too important to be new; they have been taught to our infancy; they have mingled with our solitary thoughts and familiar conversation, and are habitually interwoven with the whole texture of life. Being therefore not new, they raise no unaccustomed emotion in the mind: what we knew before, we cannot learn: what is not unexpected, cannot surprise.

Of the ideas suggested by these awful scenes, from some we recede with reverence, except when stated hours require their association; and from others we shrink with horror, or admit them only as salutary inflictions, as counterpoises to our interests and passions. Such images rather obstruct the career of fancy than incite it.

Pleasure and terror are indeed the genuine

sources of poetry; but poetical pleasure must be such as human imagination can at least conceive, and poetical terror such as human strength and fortitude may combat. The good and evil of Eternity are too ponderous for the wings of wit; the mind sinks under them in passive helplessness, content with calm belief and humble adoration.

Known truths, however, may take a different appearance, and be conveyed to the mind by a new train of intermediate images. This Milton has undertaken, and performed with pregnancy and vigour of mind peculiar to himself. Whoever considers the few radical positions which the Scriptures afforded him, will wonder by what energetic operation he expanded them to such extent, and ramified them to so much variety, restrained as he was by religious reverence from licentiousness of fiction.

Here is a full display of the united force of study and genius; of a great accumulation of materials, with judgment to digest, and fancy to combine them. Milton was able to select from nature, or from story, from ancient fable, or from modern science, whatever could illustrate or adorn his thoughts. An accumulation of knowledge impregnated his mind, fermented by study, and sublimed by imagination.

It has been therefore said, without an indecent hyperbole, by one of his encomiasts, that

in reading *Paradise Lost* we read a book of universal knowledge.

But original deficiency cannot be supplied. The want of human interest is always felt. *Paradise Lost* is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure. We read Milton for instruction, retire harrassed and overburdened, and look elsewhere for recreation : we desert our master, and seek for companions.

Another inconvenience of Milton's design is, that it requires the description of what cannot be described, the agency of Spirits. He saw that immateriality supplied no images, and that he could not show angels acting but by instruments of action ; he therefore invested them with form and matter. This, being necessary, was therefore defensible ; and he should have secured the consistency of his system, by keeping immateriality out of sight, and enticing his reader to drop it from his thoughts. But he has unhappily perplexed his poetry with his philosophy. His infernal and celestial powers are sometimes pure spirit, and sometimes animated body. When Satan walks with his lance upon the burning marle, he has a body ; when, in his passage between Hell and the new world, he is in danger of sinking in the vacuity, and is supported by a gust of rising

vapours, he has a body; when he animates the toad, he seems to be mere spirit, that can penetrate matter at pleasure; when "he starts up in his own shape," he has at least a determined form; and when he is brought before Gabriel, he has "a spear and a shield," which he had the power of hiding in the toad, though the arms of the contending angels are evidently material.

The vulgar inhabitants of Pandemonium, being "incorporeal spirits," are "at large, though without number," in a limited space; yet in the battle, when they were overwhelmed by mountains, their armour hurt them, "crushed in upon their substance, now grown gross by sinning." This likewise happened to the uncorrupted angels, who were overthrown "the sooner for their arms, for unarmed they might easily as spirits have evaded by contraction or remove." Even as spirits they are hardly spiritual; for contraction and remove are images of matter; but if they could have escaped without their armour, they might have escaped from it, and left only the empty cover to be battered. Uriel, when he rides on a sun-beam, is material; Satan is material when he is afraid of the prowess of Adam.

The confusion of spirit and matter which pervades the whole narration of the war of Heaven, fills it with incongruity; and the book,

in which it is related, is, I believe, the favourite of children, and gradually neglected as knowledge is increased.

After the operation of immaterial agents, which cannot be explained, may be considered that of allegorical persons, which have no real existence. To exalt causes into agents, to invest abstract ideas with form, and animate them with activity, has always been the right of poetry. But such airy beings are, for the most part, suffered only to do their natural office, and retire. Thus Fame tells a tale, and Victory hovers over a general, or perches on a standard; but Fame and Victory can do no more. To give them any real employment, or ascribe to them any material agency, is to make them allegorical no longer, but to shock the mind by ascribing effects to non-entity. In the Prometheus of Æschylus, we see Violence and Strength; and in the Alcestis of Euripides, we see Death brought upon the stage, all as active persons of the drama; but no precedents can justify absurdity.

Milton's Allegory of Sin and Death is undoubtedly faulty. Sin is indeed the mother of Death, and may be allowed to be the portress of Hell; but when they stop the journey of Satan, a journey described as real, and when Death offers him battle, the allegory is broken. That Sin and Death should have shown the way to Hell,

might have been allowed; but they cannot facilitate the passage by building a bridge, because the difficulty of Satan's passage is described as real and sensible, and the bridge ought to be only figurative. The Hell assigned to the rebellious spirits, is described as not less local than the residence of man. It is placed in some distant part of space, separated from the regions of harmony and order by a chaotic waste, and an unoccupied vacuity; but Sin and Death worked up a mole of aggravated soil, cemented with asphaltus: a work too bulky for ideal architects.

This unskilful allegory appears to me one of the greatest faults of the Poem; and to this there was no temptation, but the Author's opinion of its beauty.

To the conduct of the narrative some objections may be made. Satan is with great expectation brought before Gabriel in Paradise, and is suffered to go away unmolested. The creation of man is represented as the consequence of the vacuity left in Heaven by the expulsion of the rebels; yet Satan mentions it as a report rife in Heaven before his departure.

To find sentiments for the state of innocence, was very difficult; and something of anticipation perhaps is now and then discovered. Adam's discourse of dreams seems not to be the speculation of a new-created being. I know not

whether his answer to the angel's reproof for curiosity does not want something of propriety: it is the speech of a man acquainted with many other men. Some philosophical notions, especially when the philosophy is false, might have been better omitted. The angel, in a comparison, speaks of timorous deer, before deer were yet timorous, and before Adam could understand the comparison.

Dryden remarks, that Milton has some flats among his elevations. This is only to say, that all the parts are not equal. In every work, one part must be for the sake of others: a palace must have passages; a poem must have transitions. It is no more to be required that wit should always be blazing, than that the sun should always stand at noon. In a great work there is a vicissitude of luminous and opaque parts, as there is in the world a succession of day and night. Milton, when he has expatiated in the sky, may be allowed sometimes to revisit earth; for what other author ever soared so high, or sustained his flight so long?

Milton, being well versed in the Italian poets, appears to have borrowed often from them; and, as every man learns something from his companions, his desire of imitating Ariosto's levity has disgraced his work with the Paradise of Fools: a fiction not in itself ill imagined, but too ludicrous for its place.

His play on words, in which he delights too often ; his equivocations, which Bentley endeavours to defend by the example of the ancients ; his unnecessary and ungraceful use of terms of art ; it is not necessary to mention, because they are easily remarked, and generally censured, and at last bear so little proportion to the whole, that they scarcely deserve the attention of a critic.

Such are the faults of that wonderful performance *Paradise Lost* ; which he who can put in balance with its beauties must be considered not as nice but as dull, as less to be censured for want of candour, than pitied for want of sensibility.

Of *Paradise Regained*, the general judgment seems now to be right, that it is in many parts elegant, and everywhere instructive. It was not to be supposed that the writer of *Paradise Lost* could ever write without great effusions of fancy, and exalted precepts of wisdom. The basis of *Paradise Regained* is narrow : a dialogue without action can never please like an union of the narrative and dramatic powers. Had this Poem been written not by Milton, but by some imitator, it would have claimed and received universal praise.

If *Paradise Regained* has been too much depreciated, *Sampson Agonistes* has in requital been too much admired. It could only be by long prejudice, and the bigotry of learning, that

Milton could prefer the ancient tragedies, with their encumbrance of a chorus, to the exhibitions of the French and English stages; and it is only by a blind confidence in the reputation of Milton, that a drama can be praised in which the intermediate parts have neither cause nor consequence, neither hasten nor retard the catastrophe.

In this tragedy are, however, many particular beauties, many just sentiments, and striking lines; but it wants that power of attracting the attention which a well connected plan produces.

Milton would not have excelled in dramatic writing; he knew human nature only in the gross, and had never studied the shades of character, nor the combinations of concurring, or the perplexity of contending passions. He had read much, and knew what books could teach; but had mingled little in the world, and was deficient in the knowledge which experience must confer.

Through all his greater works there prevails an uniform peculiarity of diction, a mode and cast of expression which bears little resemblance to that of any former writer, and which is so far removed from common use, that an unlearned reader, when he first opens his book, finds himself surprized by a new language.

This novelty has been, by those who can find nothing wrong in Milton, imputed to his

laborious endeavours after words suitable to the grandeur of his ideas. "Our language," says Addison, "sunk under him." But the truth is, that, both in prose and verse, he had formed his style by a perverse and pedantic principle. He was desirous to use English words with a foreign idiom. This in all his prose is discovered and condemned; for there judgment operates freely, neither softened by the beauty, nor awed by the dignity of his thoughts; but such is the power of his poetry, that his call is obeyed without resistance; the reader feels himself in captivity to a higher and a nobler mind, and criticism sinks in admiration.

Milton's style was not modified by his subject: what is shown with greater extent in *Paradise Lost*, may be found in *Comus*. One source of his peculiarity was his familiarity with the Tuscan poets: the disposition of his words is, I think, frequently Italian; perhaps sometimes combined with other tongues. Of him, at last, may be said what Jonson says of Spenser, that he wrote no language, but has formed what Butler calls a Babylonish Dialect; in itself harsh and barbarous, but made, by exalted genius and extensive learning, the vehicle of so much instruction and so much pleasure, that, like other lovers, we find grace in its deformity.

Whatever be the faults of his diction, he cannot want the praise of copiousness and variety.

He was master of his language in its full extent ; and has selected the melodious words with such diligence, that from his book alone the Art of English Poetry might be learned.

After his diction, something must be said of his versification. "The measure (he says) is the English heroic verse without rhyme." Of this mode he had many examples among the Italians, and some in his own country. The Earl of Surrey is said to have translated one of Virgil's books without rhyme ; and, besides our tragedies, a few short poems had appeared in blank verse ; particularly one tending to reconcile the nation to Raleigh's wild attempt upon Guiana, and probably written by Raleigh himself. These petty performances cannot be supposed to have much influenced Milton, who more probably took his hint from Trisino's *Italia Liberata* ; and, finding blank verse easier than rhyme, was desirous of persuading himself that it is better.

"Rhyme (he says, and says truly) is no necessary adjunct of true poetry." But perhaps, of poetry as a mental operation, metre or music is no necessary adjunct : it is however by the music of metre that poetry has been discriminated in all languages ; and in languages melodiously constructed, by a due proportion of long and short syllables, metre is sufficient. But one language cannot communicate its rules to another : where metre is scanty and imperfect, some help

is necessary. The music of the English heroic line strikes the ear so faintly that it is easily lost, unless all the syllables of every line co-operate together. This co-operation can be only obtained by the preservation of every verse unmingled with another, as a distinct system of sounds; and this distinctness is obtained and preserved by the artifice of rhyme. The variety of pauses, so much boasted by the lovers of blank verse, changes the measures of an English poet to the periods of a declaimer; and there are only a few skilful and happy readers of Milton, who enable their audience to perceive where the lines end or begin. "Blank verse (said an ingenious critic) seems to be verse only to the eye."

Poetry may subsist without rhyme, but English poetry will not often please; nor can rhyme ever be safely spared but where the subject is able to support itself. Blank verse makes some approach to that which is called the lapidary style; has neither the easiness of prose nor the melody of numbers, and therefore tires by long continuance. Of the Italian writers without rhyme, whom Milton alleges as precedents, not one is popular. What reason could urge in its defence, has been confuted by the ear.

But, whatever be the advantage of rhyme, I cannot prevail on myself to wish that Milton had been a rhymer; for I cannot wish his work to be other than it is; yet, like other heroes, he

is to be admired rather than imitated. He that thinks himself capable of astonishing, may write blank verse; but those that hope only to please, must condescend to rhyme.

The highest praise of genius is original invention. Milton cannot be said to have contrived the structure of an epic poem, and therefore must yield to that vigour and amplitude of mind to which all generations must be indebted for the art of poetical narration, for the texture of the fable, the variation of incidents, the interposition or dialogue, and all the stratagems that surprize and enchain attention. But, of all the borrowers from Homer, Milton is perhaps the least indebted. He was naturally a thinker for himself, confident of his own abilities, and disdainful of help or hindrance: he did not refuse admission to the thoughts or images of his predecessors, but he did not seek them. From his contemporaries he neither courted nor received support; there is in his writings nothing by which the pride of other authors might be gratified, or favour gained; no exchange of praise, nor solicitation of support. His great works were performed under discountenance, and in blindness; but difficulties vanished at his touch: he was born for whatever is arduous; and his work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first.

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[lxxviii]

IN
PARADISUM AMISSAM

SUMMI POETÆ

JOANNIS MILTONI.

QUI legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni
Carmina MILTONI, quid nisi cuncta legis ?
Res cunctas, & cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, & fines continet iste liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,
Scribitur & toto quicquid in orbe latet :
Terræque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum,
Sulphureumque Erebi, flammivomumquespecus:
Quæque colunt terras, pontumque, & Tartara cæca,
Quæque colunt summi lucida regna poli :
Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam,
Et sine fine Chaos, & sine fine Deus :
Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,
In Christo ergo homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui speraret quis crederit esse futura ?
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britannia legit.
O quantos in bella duces ! quæ protulit arma !
Quæ canit, & quanta prælia dira tuba !
Cœlestes acies ! atque in certamine cœlum !
Et quæ cœlestes pugna deceret agros !
Quantus in æthereis tollit se Lucifer armis !
Atque ipso graditur vix Michaële minor !

Quantis, & quam funestis concurritur iris,
 Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit !
 Dum vulsos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,
 Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt :
 Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
 Et metuit pugnæ non superesse suæ.
 At simul in cœlis Messiaë insignia fulgent,
 Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,
 Horrendumque rotæ strident, & sæva rotarum
 Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
 Et flammæ vibrant, & vera tonitrua rauco
 Admistis flammis insonuere polo :
 Excidit attonitis mens omnis, & impetus omnis,
 Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt ;
 Ad pœnas fugiunt, & ceu foret Orcus asylum,
 Infernis certant condere se tenebris.
 “ Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii,”
 Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.
 Hæc quicumque legit tantùm cecinisse putabit
 Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW, M. D.

ON PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold,
Messiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling Angels, the forbidden tree,
Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, all,—the argument
Held me a while misdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
The sacred truths to fable and old song,
(So Samson grop'd the temple's posts in spite)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
I lik'd his project, the success did fear;
Thro' that wide field how he his way should find,
O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind;
Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,
And what was easy he should render vain.

Or if a work so infinite he spann'd,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)
Might hence presume the whole creation's day
To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a share.
Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit;
And all that was improper dost omit:

So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.

That majesty which thro' thy work doth reign,
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease ;
And above human flight dost soar aloft
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
The bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where couldst thou words of such a compass
find ?

Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind ?
Just Heav'n thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure ;
While the Town Bays writes all the while and
spells,

And, like a pack-horse, tires without his bells :
Their fancies like our bushy points appear ;
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.
I too, transported by the mode, offend,
And while I mean to praise thee, must commend.
Thy verse, created like thy theme, sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVEL.

THE ARGUMENT.

This First Book proposes, first, in brief, the rebels' sub-
ject, Milton's disobedience, and the last overthrow of
Pompey, returning to the present: Then follows the
prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in
the serpent, who reaching from God, and drawing
to his side many legions of Angels, wars, by the com-
mand of God, against him of Heaven, with all his crew,
into the great deep. Which action passed over, the
poem descends into the midst of things, presenting Sa-

tan into his dungeon, where fallen into Hell, described
first, not in the centre (for Heaven and earth may
be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet occurred)
but in a place of nature, where, first called Chaos;
thence Satan, with his angels, goes on the burning
mountain, as from confusion, calls up his crew,
next in order and dignity, by him, the council of
their mighty fall. Satan, speaking all his legions,
THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
PARADISE LOST.

hope set of his power, but tells them largely
of a new world and new kind of creature to be created,
according to an ancient prophecy as reported in Heaven;
for that which he says, that he has this noble promise
from the opinion of many ancient Prophets. To find
out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine
thereon, he refers to a fall council. Which his an-
gels, for the reason, I understand, the fall of
Satan, that, without doubt, out of the deep: The in-
fernal power, there, in the council, is to be seen.

THE ARGUMENT.

This First Book proposes, first, in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, described here, not in the centre (for Heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded: They rise, their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: The infernal peers there sit in council.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK THE FIRST.

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, 5
Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning, how the heav'ns and earth
Rose out of Chaos. Or if Sion hill 10
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues 15
Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Sp'rit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,

Instruct me, for Thou know'st: Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss, 21
And mad'st it pregnant. What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence, 25
And justify the ways of God to Men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first what cause
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off 30
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd 35
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel Angels; by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory 'bove his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High, 40
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n, and battle proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky, 45
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,

Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew 51
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: But his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate.
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild; 60
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes 66
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd 70
For those rebellious; here their pris'n ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd 76
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and welt'ring by his side

One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd 80
Beelzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began :

If thou beest he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him who, in the happy realms of light 85
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness, didst out-
shine

Myriads tho' bright! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,

Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd 90
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest

From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
He with his thunder: and till then who knew

The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage 95

Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward lustre that fix'd mind

And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,

And to the fierce contention brought along 100
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,

That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd

In dubious battle on the plains of Heav'n,
And shook his throne. What tho' the field be lost?

All is not lost; th' unconquerable will 106
And study of revenge, immortal hate,

And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might 110
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his pow'r,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed!
That were an ignominy and shame beneath 115
This downfall; since by fate the strength of Gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,
We may with more successful hope resolve 120
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heav'n.

So spake th' apostate Angel, though in pain, 125
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many throned powers!
That led th' embattl'd Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds 130
Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat 135
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,

As far as Gods and heav'nly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spi'rit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns, 140
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if he our conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpow'r'd such force as
ours) 145
Have left us this our sp'rit and strength entire
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his bus'ness be 150
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment? 155
Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-Fiend re-
ply'd:

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil; 165

Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
But see, the angry victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170
Back to the gates of Heav'n: the sulph'rous hail
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now 176
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain forlorn and wild, 180
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimm'ring of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there, 185
And reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope, 190
If not what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large, 195

Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos, or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast 200
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream :
Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell, 205
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays :
So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence 210
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heav'n
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought 215
Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown
On Man, by him seduc'd ; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool 221
His mighty stature ; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and
roll'd
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.



Corbould del.

White sculp.

*Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool,
His mighty stature! —*

Book II. 121.

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Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air 226
That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force 230
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with min'ral fury, aid the winds, 235
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
Not by the suff'rance of Supernal Pow'r. 241

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful
gloom

For that celestial light? Be it so, since he 245
Who now is Sov'reign can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reas'n hath equall'd, force hath made
supreme

Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail 250
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings

A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n. 255
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence: 260
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss, 265
Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rally'd arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?
So Satan spake; and him Beelzebub 271
Thus answer'd: Leader of those armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 275
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Gro'ling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280
As we ere while, astounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height.

He scarce had ceas'd when the superior Fiend
Was moving tow'rd the shore ; his pond'rous
shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round, 285
Behind him cast ; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, 290
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps 295
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire :
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd 300
His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbow'r ; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd 305
Hath vex'd the Red Sea coast, whose waves
o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses 310

And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.

He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates, 315
Warriors, the flow'r of Heav'n, once yours,
now lost,

If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Sp'rits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find 320
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?

Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
T'adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon 325
His swift pursuers from Heav'n gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.

Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. 330

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they
sprung

Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.

Nor did they not perceive the evil plight 335
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their gen'ral's voice they soon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent rod

Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind, 341
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hov'ring on wing under the cope of Hell 345
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain; 350
A multitude, like which the pop'lous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Denaw, when her barb'rous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands. 355
Forthwith from ev'ry squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great commander; Godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities, 359
And Pow'rs that erst in Heav'n sat on thrones;
Though if their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve 364
Got them new names, till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Thro' God's high suff'rance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted, to forsake

God their Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform 370
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the Heathen world. 375
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first,
 who last,
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great emp'ror's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof. 380
The chief were those who from the pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, Gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durst abide 385
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd, 390
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that pass'd thro' fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite 396
Worshipp'd in Rabba and her wat'ry plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream

Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right 'gainst the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant vale of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell. 405
Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flow'ry dale of Sibma clad with vines, 410
And Eleale to th' Asphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd
Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd 415
E'en to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they, who from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420
Egypt from Syrian ground, had gen'ral names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth; those male,
These feminine. For Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure, 425
Not ty'd or manacl'd with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose

Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes, 430
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low 435
Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phoenicians call'd
Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon 440
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart though large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell 445
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In am'rous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock 450
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded. The love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led 455
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark

Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge, 460
Where he fell flat, and 'sham'd his worshippers :
Dagon his name, sea-monster ; upward man
And downward fish : yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon, 465
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also 'gainst the house of God was bold : 470
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz his sottish conqu'ror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious off'rings, and adore the Gods 475
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek 480
Their wand'ring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
Th'infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in Oreb ; and the rebel king
Doubl'd that sin in Bethel and in Dan, 485
Lik'ning his Maker to the grazed ox,
Jehovah, who in one night when he pass'd
From Egypt marching, equal'd with one stroke

Both her first-born and all her bleating Gods,
Belial came last, than whom a Sp'rit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love 491
Vice for itself. To him no temple stood
Nor altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd 495
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest tow'rs,
And injury and outrage: and when night 500
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine,
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when th' hospitable door
Expos'd a matron, to avoid worse rape. 505
These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
Th' Iönian Gods, of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confess'd later than Heav'n and Earth
Their boasted parents: Titan, Heav'n's first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seis'd
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove
His own and Rhea's son like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top 515
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
Their highest Heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds

Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th'Hesperian fields, 520
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, t' have found
their chief

Not in despair, t' have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his count'nance cast 526
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.

Then straight commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be uprear'd 532
His mighty standard. That proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;

Who forthwith from the glitt'ring staff unfurl'd
Th'imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd 536
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,

With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds 540

At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air 545
With orient colours waving. With them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms

Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood 550
Of flutes and soft recorders ; such as rais'd
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Delib'rate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ; 555
Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and 'suage,
With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chace
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and
pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force with fixed thought, 560
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil ; and now
Advanc'd in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief 566
Had to impose. He through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and statures as of Gods, 570
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories ; for never since created man
Met such embody'd force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more than that small infantry 575
Warr'd on by cranes ; tho' all the giant brood

Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd,
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son, 580
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore 585
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread commander: he above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent, 590
Stood like a tow'r; his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd; as when the sun new ris'n
Looks through the horizontal misty air 595
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face 600
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd; and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and consid'rate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold 605
The fellows of his crime, the foll'wers rather

(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung 610
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as when Heav'n's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth tho' bare
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd 615
To speak; whereat their doubl'd ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers. Attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth. At last 620
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O Myriads of immortal Sp'rits, O Pow'rs
Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change, 625
Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd
How such united force of Gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath empty'd Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend
Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat?
For me be witness all the host of Heav'n, 635
If counsels different, or danger shunn'd

By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent, or custom, and his regal state 640
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our
own,

So as not either to provoke or dread
New war, provok'd; our better part remains 645
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long 651
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of Heav'n:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps 655
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial Sp'rits in bondage, nor th' abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd, 660
For who can think submission? War then, War,
Open or understood, must be resolv'd.

He spake: and, to confirm his words, out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim: the sudden blaze 665

Far round illumin'd Hell. Highly they rag'd
Against the highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance tow'rd the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top 670
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
A num'rous brigade hasten'd: as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd, 676
Forerun the royal camp to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on;
Mammon, the least erected Sp'rit that fell
From Heav'n; for e'en in Heav'n his looks and
thoughts 680
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific. By him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught, 685
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into th' hill a spacious wound, 689
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,

And strength, and art, are easily outdone 696
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd, 700
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluic'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion
dross:

A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells 706
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes, the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge 710
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want 715
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures grav'n:
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equal'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis their Gods, or seat 720
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately height; and straight the
doors,

Op'ning their brazen folds, discover wide
Within her ample spaces, o'er the smooth 725
And level pavement. From the arched roof,
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730
Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise,
And some the architect. His hand was known
In Heav'n by many a tow'r'd structure high,
Where scepter'd Angels held their residence,
And sat as princes, whom the Supreme King 735
Exalted to such pow'r, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece: and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber: and how he fell 740
From Heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements. From morn
To noon he fell, from noon till dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star, 745
On Lemnos, th' Ægean isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
T' have built in Heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he
'scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent 750
With his industrious crew to build in Hell.
Meanwhile the winged heralds, by command

Of sov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host pro-
claim

A solemn council forthwith to be held 755
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers : their summons call'd
From ev'ry band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest ; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended. All access was throng'd, the gates 761
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions
bold

Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defy'd the best of Panim chivalry 765
To mortal combat, or career with lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their pop'lous youth about the hive 770
In clusters ; they among fresh dewes and flow'rs
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The superb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the aery crowd 775
Swarm'd and were straiten'd ; till the signal giv'n,
Behold a wonder ! they but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless ; like that pygmean race 780

Beyond the Indian mount, or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth 785
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and
dance

Intent, with jocund music charm his ear:
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Sp'rits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still amidst the hall 791
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The Great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim,
In close recess and secret conclave, sat 795
A thousand Demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.
THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begins. Satan debates whether another battle be to be fought for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world another kind of creature, and not much inferior to the angels; about this time the council is dissolved and adjourned.

SECOND BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven : some advise it, others dissuade : A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created : Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search : Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell-gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the gulf between Hell and Heaven ; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK THE SECOND.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd 5
To that bad eminence; and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heav'n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus display'd: 10
Pow'rs and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear 15
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me, tho' just right, and the fix'd laws of Heav'n

Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in counsel or in fight, 20
Hath been atchiev'd of merit, yet this loss
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvy'd throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw 25
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good 30
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then 35
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way, 40
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate: who can advise, may speak.

He ceas'd; and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Sp'rit
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair.
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd 46
Equal in strength; and rather than be less,
Car'd not to be at all. With that care lost

Went all his fear : of God, or Hell, or worse,
He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake:

My sentence is for open war : of wiles 51
More unexpert I boast not : them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait 55
The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather choose, 60
Arm'd with Hell-flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer ; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear 65
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels, and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps 70
The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
With upright wing against a Higher Foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend 75
Up to our native seat : descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear

Insulting, and pursu'd as through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;
Th' event is fear'd. Should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction, if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd. What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, con-
demn'd 86
In this abhorred deep to utter woe,
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope or end
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90
Inexorably, and the tort'ring hour
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which to the height enrag'd, 95
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier far
Than mis'able t' have eternal being.
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge. 105
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Desp'rate revenge, and battle dangerous

To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane:
A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd 110
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds 116
Tim'rous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began:

I should be much for open war, O Peers!
As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd 120
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on th' whole success:
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels 125
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The tow'rs of Heav'n are
fill'd

With armed watch, that render all access 130
Impregnable; oft on the bord'ring deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound 136

Heav'n's purest light, yet our Great Enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel 140
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair. We must exasperate
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure, 145
To be no more? Sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night, 150
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever. How he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he so wise, let loose at once his ire, 155
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed, 160
Reserv'd, and destin'd, to eternal woe?
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, pursu'd and struck 165
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought

The deep to shelter us? This Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? That sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awak'd should blow them into sev'nfold rage, 171
And plunge us in the flames? Or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament 175
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd 180
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpity'd, unrepriev'd, 185
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from Heav'n's
height 190
All these our motions vain, sees and derides:
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n
Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here 195

Chains and these torments? Better these than
worse,

By my advice: since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust 200
That so ordains. This was at first resolv'd,

If we were wise, against so great a Foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure 206

Exile or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their Conqu'ror. This is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit 210
His anger, and perhaps, thus far remov'd,
Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd

With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.

Our purer essence then will overcome 215
Their noxious vapour, or inur'd not feel,
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive

Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light,
Besides what hope the never-ending flight 221
Of future days may bring, what chance, what
change

Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,

If we procure not to ourselves more woe. 225
Thus Belial with words, cloth'd in reason's garb,
Counsel'd ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake:
Either to disenthroned the King of Heav'n
We war, if war be best, or to regain 230
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.
The former vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter; for what place can be for us 235
Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord
Supreme
We overpow'r? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc'd hallelujahs, while he lordly sits
Our envy'd Sov'reign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flow'rs, 245
Our servile off'rings? This must be our task
In Heav'n, this our delight. How wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own

Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring 255
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of
small,
Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse
We can create, and in what place soe'er 260
Thrive under ev'l, and work ease out of pain
Thro' labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd, 265
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar,
Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil 270
Wants not our hidden lustre, gems, and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence: and what can Heav'n shew more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements; these piercing fires 275
As soft as now severe; our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may 280
Compose our present evils; with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite

All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain 285
The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night
long

Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay

After the tempest. Such applause was heard 290
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
Advising peace; for such another field

They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michael

Wrought still within them, and no less desire 295
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy and long process of time,

In emulation opposite to Heav'n:

Which when Beelzebub perceiv'd, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd

A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat and public care;

And princely counsel in his face yet shone

Majestic, though in ruin: sage he stood, 305

With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear

The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look

Drew audience and attention still as night

Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake:

Thrones and Imperial Pow'rs, Offspring of
Heav'n, 310

Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now
Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd
Princes of Hell? for so the pop'lar vote
Inclines here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless, while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath
doom'd 316
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain 320
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part 325
By our revolt; but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in Heav'n.
What sit we then projecting? peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss 330
Irreparable: terms of peace yet none
Vouchsaf'd or sought; for what peace will be giv'n
To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? And what peace can we return, 335
But to our pow'r hostility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqu'ror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice

In doing what we most in suffring feel? 340
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dang'rous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprize? There is a place, 345
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
Err not) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more 350
Of Him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, con-
firm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould 355
Or substance, how endu'd, and what their pow'r,
And where their weakness; how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heav'n be shut,
And Heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd,
The utmost border of this kingdom, left 361
To their defence who hold it. Here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be atchiev'd
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess 365
All as our own, and drive, as we were driv'n,
The puny habitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God

May prove their Foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy 371
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original and faded bliss, 375
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beelzebub
Pleaded his dev'lish counsel, first devis'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence, 380
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design 386
Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes. With full assent
They vote; whereat his speech he thus renews:
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are, 391
Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with neigh-
b'ring arms 395
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some mild zone

Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair light
Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam
Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air, 400
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we
send

In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss, 405
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings,
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive

The happy isle? What strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe? 411

Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
The weight of all and our last hope relies. 416

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute, 420
Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and
each

In other's count'nance read his own dismay
Astonish'd. None among the choice and prime
Of those Heav'n-warring champions could be
found

So hardy as to proffer or accept 425
Alone the dreadful voyage ; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd, thus spake:
O Progeny of Heav'n, empyreal Thrones, 430
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seiz'd us, though undismay'd : long is the way
And hard that out of Hell leads up to light ;
Our prison strong ; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round 435
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape ?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers, 445
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd
With splendor, arm'd with pow'r, if aught
propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore d'I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign, 451
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour ; due alike

To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455
High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty Pow'rs,
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm 460
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction, seek
Deliv'rance for us all. This enterprise 465
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd,
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd; 470
And so refus'd might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high reputation
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But
they
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose.
Their rising all at once was as the sound 476
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'ards him they
bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol him equal to the High'st in Heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
That for the gen'ral safety he despis'd 481

His own : for neither do the Spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue ; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory
excites,

Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal. 485
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief :

As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'er-
spread

Heav'n's cheerful face, the low'ring element 490
Scowl o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or show'r ;
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings. 495

O shame to men ! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace : and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500

Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy ;
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enough besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait. 505

The Stygian council thus dissolv'd ; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers :
'Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
Alone th' antagonist of Heav'n, nor less

Than Hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme,
And God-like imitated state; him round 511
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal sound the great result : 515
Tow'rs the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy
By heralds' voice explain'd; the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat
rais'd 521
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Pow'rs
Disband, and wand'ring, each his sev'ral way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain 526
The irksome hours till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at th'Olympian games or Pythian fields; 530
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when to warn proud cities war appears
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van 535
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.

Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell, 539
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind ; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw 545
Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle ; and complain that Fate 550
Free virtue should intrall to force or chance.
Their song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when Sp'rits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment 554
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)
Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, 560
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy : 565
Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
Pain for a while, or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast.

With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part in squadrons and gross bands, 570
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge 575
Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud 579
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her wat'ry labyrinth; whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and b'ing forgets, 585
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
Thither, by harpy-footed furies hal'd, 596
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd

Are brought ; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more
fierce,

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600

Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine

Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,

Periods of time, thence hurry'd back to fire.

They ferry over this Lethean sound

Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, 605

And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach

The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose

In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,

All in one moment, and so near the brink ;

But Fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt

Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards 611

The ford, and of itself the water flies

All taste of living wight, as once it fled

The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on 614

In confus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands

With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,

View'd first their lamentable lot, and found

No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale

They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,

O'er many frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620

Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades

of death,

A universe of death, which God by curse

Created ev'l, for evil only good,

Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,

Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625

Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.

Meanwhile th' Adversary of God and Man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of high'st design,
Puts on swift wings, and tow'rds the gates of
Hell

631

Explores his solitary flight. Sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high.

635

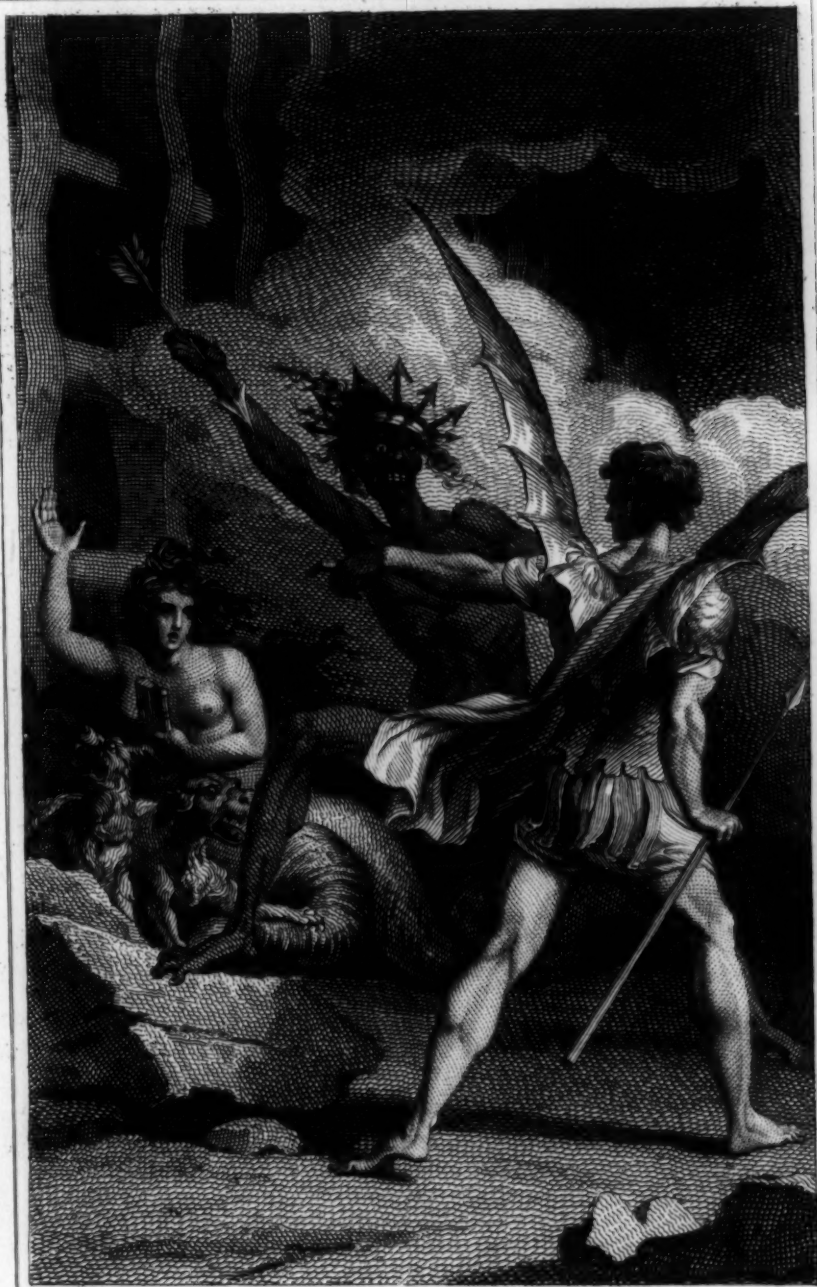
As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply stemming nightly pole. So seem'd
Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were
brass,

645

Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round

651

A cry of Hell-hounds never ceasing, bark'd 654
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts 660
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape, 666
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell, 671
And shook a dreadful dart. What seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat,
The monster moving onward, came as fast 675
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd: God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valued he nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began: 680
Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way



Corbould del.

White sculp.

*The Monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.*

Book II. l. 875.

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To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee: 685
Retire or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Sp'rits of Heav'n.

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd,
Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou He,
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till
then 690
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons,
Conjur'd against the High'st, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain? 695
And reckon'st thou thyself with Sp'rits of Heav'n,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking, and so threat'ning, grew tenfold 705
More dreadful and deform. On th' other side,
Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair 710
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands

No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With Heav'n's artill'ry fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian; then stand front to front 716
Hov'ring a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid-air.
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood:
For never but once more was either like 721
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been atchiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key, 725
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only Son? What fury, O Son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy Father's head? and know'st for
whom; 730

For Him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
Forbore; then these to her Satan return'd. 736

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends, till first I know of thee, 740
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why

In this infernal vale first met thou call'st
Me Father, and that phantasm call'st my Son;
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee. 745

T'whom thus the portress of Hell gate reply'd:
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eyes so foul? once deem'd so fair
In Heav'n, when at th' assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd 750
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
All th' host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd, afraid
At first, and call'd me SIN, and for a sign 760
Portentous held me; but familiar grown
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that womb conceiv'd 766
A growing burthen. Mean while war arose,
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein re-
main'd

(For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe
Clear victory; to our part loss and rout 770

Through all the empyrean. Down they fell,
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heav'n, down
Into this deep, and in the gen'ral fall
I also; at which time this pow'rful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep 775
These gates for ever shut; which none can pass
Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat
Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
Thine own begotten, breaking vi'lent way,
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy 785
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,
Made to destroy. I fled, and cry'd out DEATH;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded Death.
I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems, 790
Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,
Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingend'ring with me, of that rape begot 794
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me; for when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth 800

Afresk with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me, his parent, would full soon devour 805
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be. So Fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, shun 810
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore 815
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd
smooth.

Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire
change

Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of; know 821
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
Of Sp'rits, that in our just pretences arm'd 825
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread

Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense

To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now 831

Created vast and round, a place of bliss

In the purlieus of Heav'n, and therein plac'd

A race of upstart creatures to supply 834

Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,

Lest Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude

Might hap to move new broils: Be this or aught

Than this more secret now design'd, I haste

To know, and this once known, shall soon return,

And bring ye to the place where thou and Death

Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen 841

Wing silently the buxom air, embalm'd

With odours: there ye shall be fed and fill'd

Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd; and

Death 845

Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear

His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw

Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd

His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:

The key of this infernal pit by due, 850

And by command of Heav'n's all-pow'rful King,

I keep, by him forbidden to unlock

These adamantine gates; against all force

Death ready stands to interpose his dart,

Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might. 855

But what owe I to his commands above

Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly-born, 860
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamours compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey 865
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And tow'rd the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,
Which but herself, not all the Stygian pow'rs 875
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole
turns

Th' intricate wards, and ev'ry bolt and bar
Of massy ir'n or solid rock with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound 880
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd; but to shut
Excell'd her pow'r: the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host 885

Under spread ensigns marching might pass thro'
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
height,
And time, and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold 895
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions
fierce,
Strive here for mast'ry, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag 900
Of each his faction, in their sev'ral clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or
slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levy'd to side with warring winds, and poise 905
Their lighter wings. To whom these most
adhere,
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss, 910
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,

Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona
With all her batt'ring engines bent, to raze
Some cap'tal city; or less than if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a
league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious; but that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares
Flutt'ring his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance,
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurry'd him
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,

Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land : nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot, 941
Half fly'ng ; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a Griffon through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspiæ, who by stealth 945
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold. So eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense,
Or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies :
At length a universal hubbub wild 951
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence : thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever pow'r 955
Or Spirit of the nethermost abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bord'ring on light ; when strait behold the
throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread 960
Wide on the wasteful deep ; with him enthron'd
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign ; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon ; Rumour next and Chance, 965

And Tumult and Confusion, all embroil'd,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus: Ye
Pow'rs

And Spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come to spy, 970

With purpose to explore or to disturb

The secrets of your realm, but by constraint

Wand'ring this darksome desert, as my way

Lies through your spacious empire up to light,

Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975

What readiest path leads where your gloomy
bounds

Confine with Heav'n; or if some other place,

From your dominion won, th' ethereal king

Possesses lately, thither to arrive

I travel this profound; direct my course; 980

Directed no mean recompense it brings

To your behoof, if I that region lost,

All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce

To her orig'nal darkness and your sway

(Which is my present journey) and once more

Erect the standard there of ancient Night; 986

Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,

With fault'ring speech and visage uncompos'd,

Answer'd: I know thee, stranger, who thou art;

That mighty leading Angel, who of late 991

Made head against Heav'n's King, though over-
thrown.

I saw and heard ; for such a num'rous host
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 995
 Confusion worse confounded ; and Heav'n gates
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
 Keep residence ; if all I can will serve
 That little which is left so to defend, 1000
 Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils,
 Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night : first Hell
 Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath ;
 Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain 1005
 To that side Heav'n from whence your legions
 fell :

If that way be your walk, you have not far ;
 So much the nearer danger ; go and speed ;
 Havock, and spoil, and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd, and Satan stay'd not to reply ; 1010
 But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity and force renew'd,
 Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round 1015
 Environ'd, wins his way ; harder beset
 And more endanger'd than when Argo pass'd
 Through Bosphorus, betwixt the justling rocks :
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shun'd
 Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd.

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he;
But he once past, soon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death remain
Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n;
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wond'rous length
From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost orb
Of this frail world; by which the Sp'rits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro,
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimm'ring dawn. Here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmost works a broken foe
With tumult less, and with less hostile din,
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather-beaten vessel holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in th' emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd

Of living sapphire, once his native seat; 1050
 And fast by hanging in a golden chain
 This pendent world, in bigness as a star
 Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
 Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
 Accurs'd, and in a cursed hour he hies. 1055

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards
this world, then newly created; shows him to the
Son who sat at his right hand; forsets the inches
of Satan in perverting mankind; shows his own
wisdom and wisdom from all imagination, having
created Man free and able enough to have withstood
his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace to-
wards him, in regard he fell not of his own will,
as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of

Man of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God
again declares, that grace cannot be extended to-

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretels the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice: Man hath offended the Majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him: they obey, and hymning to their harps in full choir, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since called, The Limbo of Vanity: what persons and things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had placed here, enquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed: alights first on Mount Niphates.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK THE THIRD.

HAIL holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th' eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is Light,
And never but in unapproach'd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee, 5
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest 10
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight 15
Thro' utter and through middle darkness borne
With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre

I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, 20
Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp ; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more 26
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath, 30
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides, 35
And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old :
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year 40
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark 45
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair

Presented with an universal blank
Of Nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 50
So much the rather thou celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all herpow'rs
Irradiate, there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight. 55

Now had th' Almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyrean where he sits
High thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the Sanctities of Heav'n 60
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance: on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son: on earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two 65
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there 70
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with weary'd wings and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land embosom'd, without firmament, 75
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,

Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake:

Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage 80
Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems

On desperate revenge, that shall redound 85
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings
his way

Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly tow'rs the new-created world,
And Man there plac'd, with purpose to assay 90
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert,
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,

And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall, 95
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.

Such I created all th' ethereal pow'rs 100
And Sp'rits, both them who stood and them
who fail'd.

Freely they stood, who stood,—and fell, who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
Where only what they needs must do appear'd,

Not what they would? what praise could they
receive? 106

What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also's choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had serv'd necessity, 110
Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly' accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over-rul'd
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree 115
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I. If I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influ'nce on their fault,
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow of fate, 120
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all
Both what they judge and what they choose;
for so
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
Till they enthrall themselves; I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree 126
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell, 129
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd
By th' other first: Man therefore shall find grace,
The other none: in mercy' and justice both,

Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory
excel,

But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Sp'rits elect 136
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.

Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd; and in his face 140

Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace;
Which utt'ring, thus he to his Father spake:

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy sov'reign sentence, that Man should find
grace; 145

For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extol
Thy praises with th' innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.

For should Man finally be lost, should Man, 150

Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,

That far be from thee, Father, who art Judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right. 155

Or shall the Adversary thus obtain

His end, and frustrate thine? Shall he fulfil

His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,

Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,

Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell 160

Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? Or, wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence.

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd:
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might, 170
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are; all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed.
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsaf'd. Once more I will renew 175
His lapsed pow'rs, though forfeit and inthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires.
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes 186
Th' incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190

To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire Conscience; whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they shall attain, 196
And, to the end persisting, safe arrive.
This my long suff'rance and my day of grace
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall: 201
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done: Man disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the High Supremacy of Heav'n, 205
Affecting Godhead, and so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath nought left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He, with his whole posterity, must die;
Die he or justice must; unless for him 210
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find such
love?

Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save?
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear? 216

He ask'd; but all the heav'nly choir stood mute,
And silence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,

Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set. 221
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine, 225
His dearest meditation thus renew'd :

Father, thy word is past ; Man shall find grace ;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her
way,

The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought ?

Happy for man, so coming ; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost :

Atonement for himself or off'ring meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring. 235

Behold me then ; me for him, life for life
I offer : on me let thine anger fall ;

Account me Man : I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee

Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240
Well pleas'd : on me let Death wreck all his rage :

Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd : thou hast giv'n me to possess

Life in myself for ev'r ; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due

All that of me can die ; yet that debt paid, 246
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave

His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul

For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue 250
My Vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and
stoop

Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high 254
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show
The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd 260
Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd
And reconcilment; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire. 265

His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270
Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd
All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither
tend,

Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:
O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath! O thou 275
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear

To me are all my works, nor Man the least,
Though last created; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee a while, the whole race lost. 280
Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself Man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wond'rous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The Head of all mankind, though Adam's Son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee, 287
As from a second root, shall be restor'd
As many' as are restor'd; without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce 291
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd and die, 295
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate 300
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying 306

God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found,
By merit more than birthright, Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good, 310
Far more than great or high; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory's bounds,
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne:
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign 315
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed Universal King: all pow'r
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under thee as Head Supreme
Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I re-
duce: 320
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim 325
Thy dread tribunal, forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages to the gen'ral doom
Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then all thy saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge
Bad men and Angels; they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath thy sentence: Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall
dwell, 335

And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need, 340
God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies:
Adore the Son, and honour Him as me.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of Angels, with a shout 345
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, utt'ring joy, Heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions: lowly reverent
Tow'rds either throne they bow, and to the
ground 350

With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns, inwove with amaranth and gold;
Immortal amaranth; a flow'r which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon, for man's offence, 355
To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there
grows,

And flow'rs aloft, shading the fount of life,
And where the riv'r of bliss thro' midst of Heav'n
Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream;
With these, that never fade, the Sp'rits elect 360
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with
beams,
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright

Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpl'd with celestial roses smil'd. 364
Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glitt'ring by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high ;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n. 371
Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King ; thee, Author of all being,
Fountain of Light, thyself invisible 375
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 380
Yet dazzle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee, next they sang, of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines, 386
Whom else no creature can behold : on thee
Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory 'bides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the Pow'rs therein
By thee created, and by thee threw down 391
Th' aspiring Dominations : thou that day

Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarray'd.
Back from pursuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclaim
Thee only' extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes, 399
Not so on Man: Him thro' their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy' and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity' incline.
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
So strictly, but much more to pity' incline, 405
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy' and justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For Man's offence. O unexampl'd love! 410
Love no where to be found less than Divine!
Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin. 415
Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs inclos'd 420
From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off

It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless expos'd, and ever-threat'ning storms 425
Of Chaos blust'ring round inclement sky;
Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glimm'ring air less vex'd with tempest loud:
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.
As when a vulture on Imaus bred, 431
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids,
On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'rd the
springs 435
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chinese drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light:
So on this windy sea of land, the Fiend 440
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey:
Alone; for other creature in this place,
Living or lifeless, to be found was none;
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aëreal vapours flew 445
Of all things transit'ry and vain, when sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory, or lasting fame,
Or happiness, in this or th'other life; 450
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits

Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds:
All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd, 456
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have
dream'd;
Those argent fields more likely habitants, 466
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.
Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born
First from the ancient world those giants came,
With many a vain exploit, though then re-
nown'd: 465
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came single; he who to be deem'd
A God, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames, 470
Empédocles; and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars 474
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heav'n;
And they who, to be sure of Paradise,
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,

Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd ; 480
They pass the planets sev'n, and pass the fix'd,
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd ;
And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of Heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo
A violent cross wind from either coast 487
Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air ; then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost
And flutter'd into rags ; then reliques, beads, 491
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds : all these upwhirl'd aloft
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd 495
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
All this dark globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste
His travel'd steps : far distant he descries 501
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heav'n a structure high ;
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace gate, 505
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellish'd : thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on earth
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw 510

Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz,
Dreaming by night under the open sky, 514
And waking cry'd, This is the gate of Heav'n.
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to Heav'n some-
times
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd, 520
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by easy 'scent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss: 525
Direct against which open'd from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than that of after-times
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promis'd Land to God so dear, 531
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his Angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood 535
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian shore:
So wide the op'ning seem'd, where bounds
were set

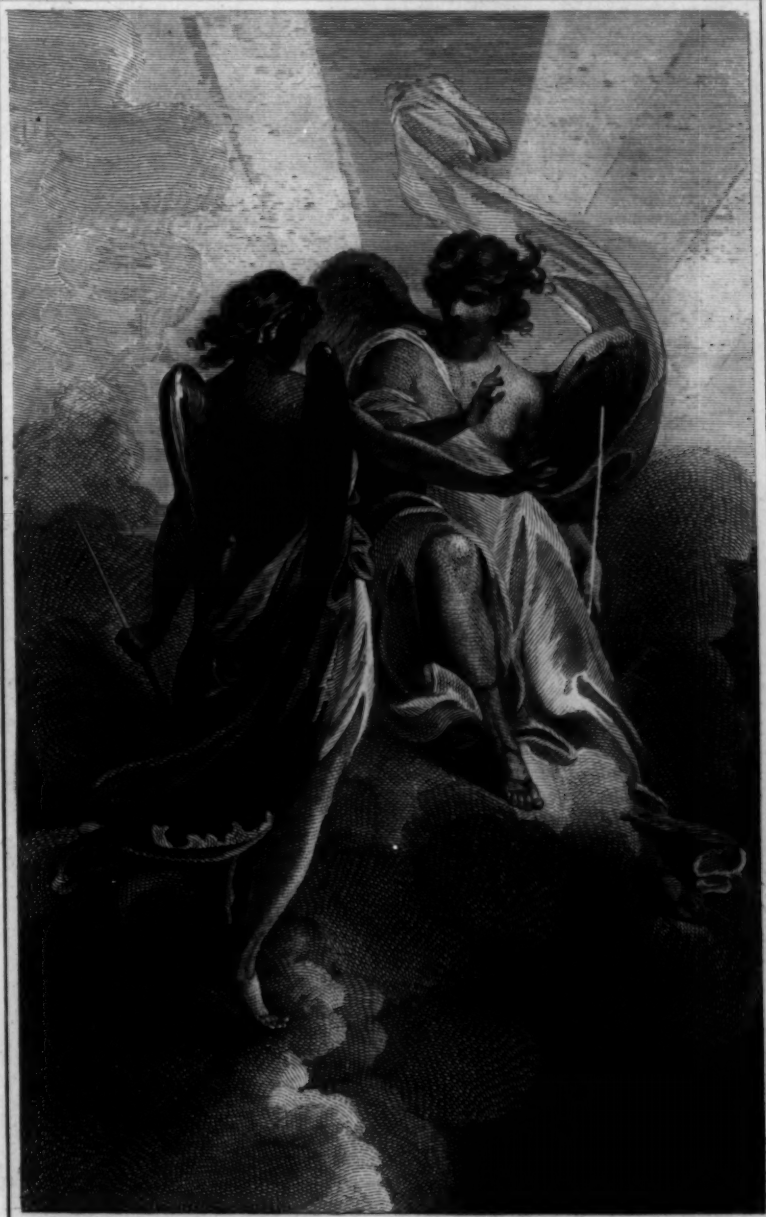
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair
That scal'd by steps of gold to Heaven-gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers, unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
With glist'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising Sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder seiz'd, though after Heaven seen,
The Sp'rit malign, but much more envy seiz'd
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might, where he
stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of Night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond th' horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,

Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there
He stay'd not to enquire: above them all 571
The golden Sun, in splendor likest Heav'n,
Allur'd his eye: thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament (but up or down,
By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell, 575
Or longitude) where the great luminary
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute 580
Days, months, and years, tow'rds his all-cheering
lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen, 585
Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep;
So wondrously was set his station bright.
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent orb
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw. 590
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compar'd with aught on earth, metal or stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear; 595
If stone, carbuncle most, or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides

Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain though by their pow'rful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth Elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chemic Sun, so far from us remote,
Produces with terrestrial humour mix'd,
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze, the Devil met
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' equator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall; and th' air
No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the Sun.
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid:
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round. On some great charge em-
ploy'd

He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the Sp'rit impure, as now in hope 630
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay:
And now a stripling Cherub he appears; 636
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd celestial, and to ev'ry limb
Suitable grace diffus'd: so well he feign'd.
Under a coronet his flowing hair 640
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkl'd with gold;
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard: the Angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd, 646
Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known
Th' Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the seven
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes 650
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to
th' Earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts:
Uriel, for thou of those sev'n Sp'rits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will 656
Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;

And here art likeliest, by Supreme decree,
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye 660
To visit oft this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favour; him for whom 664
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the choirs of Cherubim
Alone thus wand'ring. Brightest Seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath Man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell,
That I may find him, and with secret gaze 671
Or open admiration him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet, 675
The Universal Maker we may praise,
Who justly hath driv'n out his rebel foes
To deepest Hell; and to repair that loss
Created this new happy race of Men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways. 680
So spake the false Dissembler unperceiv'd;
For neither Man nor Angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone; 684
By his permissive will, thro' Heav'n and Earth:
And oft though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill



Singleton pinxit.

Saunders sculpsit.

To spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd.

Book III. 681.

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Where no ill seems: which now for once
beguil'd

Uriel, though regent of the Sun, and held 690

The sharpest sighted Sp'rit of all in Heav'n;

Who to the fraudulent impostor foul

In his uprightness, answer thus return'd:

Fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to know

The works of God, thereby to glorify 695

The great Work-Master, leads to no excess

That reaches blame, but rather merits praise

The more it seems excess, that led thee hither

From thy empyreal mansion thus alone, 699

To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps

Contented with report hear only' in Heav'n:

For wonderful indeed are all his works,

Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all

Had in remembrance always with delight:

But what created mind can comprehend 705

Their number, or the wisdom infinite

That brought them forth, but hid their causes

deep?

I saw when at his word the formless mass,

This world's material mould, came to a heap:

Confusion heard his voice, and wild Uproar 710

Stood rul'd, stood vast Infinitude confin'd;

Till at his second bidding Darkness fled,

Light shone, and Order from Disorder sprung:

Swift to their sev'ral quarters hasted then

The cumbrous elements, Earth, Flood, Air, Fire;

And this ethereal quintessence of Heav'n 716

Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move:
Each had his place appointed, each his course;
The rest in circuit walls the universe. 721
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
With light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines;
That place is Earth, the seat of Man; that light
His day, which else, as th' other hemisphere, 725
Night would invade; but there the neigh'ring
moon

(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely' interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, thro' mid Heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform 730
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is Paradise,
Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bow'r. 734
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.

Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
As to superior Sp'rits is wont in Heav'n,
Where honour due and rev'rence none neglects,
Took leave, and tow'rd the coast of earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,
Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel,
Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights. 742

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

P A R A D I S E L O S T.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the Tree of Life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the Tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of Death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress; then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel, descending on a sun-beam, warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil Spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hindered by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

O FOR that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalypse heard cry in Heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
"Woe to th' inhabitants on earth!" that now, 5
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scap'd,
Haply so 'scap'd his mortal snare: for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind, 10
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth 15
Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,
And, like a dev'lish engine, back recoils
Upon himself: horror and doubt distract

His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The Hell within him ; for within him Hell 20
He brings, and round about him ; nor from Hell
One step no more than from himself can fly
By change of place : now Conscience wakes Despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be 25
Worse ; of worse deeds worse suff'rings must
ensue.

Sometimes tow'rds Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad ;
Sometimestow'rdsHeav'nandthefull-blazingSun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tow'r : 30
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began :

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call, 35
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down 40
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless
King.

Ah wherefore ! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard. 45
What could be less than to afford him praise,

The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
I sdeign'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me high'st, and in a moment quit 51
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
Forgetful what from Him I still receiv'd,
And understood not that a grateful mind 55
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd: what burden then?
O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd 60
Ambition. Yet, why not? some other Pow'r
As great might have aspir'd, and me, tho' mean,
Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. 65
Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then or what to
'cuse,
But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe. 70
Nay, curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell; 75

And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.
O then at last relent. Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left? 80
None left but by submission; and that word
DISDAIN forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the Sp'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue 85
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell!
With diadem and scepter high advanc'd, 90
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery! such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state, how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon
unsay 95
What feign'd submission swore! ease would
recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void;
For never can true reconcilment grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear 101
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher: therefore, as far

From granting he, as I from begging peace.
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead 105
Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost:
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least 110
Divided empire with Heav'n's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As Man ere long, and this new world shall know.
Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd
his face; 114
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and despair;
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the first 121
That practis'd falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursu'd him down
The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall 127
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen. 130
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,

Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd; and over head upgrew,
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm;
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rous wall of Paradise up sprung;
Which to our gen'ral sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd;
On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair ev'ning cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath show'r'd the earth: so lovely
That landskip: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odorif'rous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow

Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest; with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many
a league 164
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles;
So entertain'd those od'rous sweets the Fiend
Who came their bane, though with them better
pleas'd
Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume
That drove him, tho' enamour'd, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 170
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick intwin'd,
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth 175
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way:
One gate there only was, and that look'd east
On th' other side; which when th' arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt, 180
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cots amid the field secure, 186
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,

Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles :
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold ;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew, 195
Sat like a cormorant ; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who liv'd ; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows 201
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views
To all delight of human sense expos'd 206
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A Heav'n on Earth : for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in th' east
Of Eden planted ; Eden stretch'd her line 210
From Auran eastward to the royal tow'rs
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the Sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd ; 215
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste ;
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit

Of vegetable gold ; and next to life, 220
Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his course, but thro' the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd ; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mould high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which thro' veins 227
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden : thence united fell 230
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account ;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell, 236
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240
Flow'rs, worthy' of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs. Thus was this
place 246
A happy rural seat of various view ;
Groves whose rich trees wept od'rous gums and
balm,

Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true, 250
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hilloc; or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store, 255
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape; and gently creeps
Luxuriant: mean while murm'ring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake, 261
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune 265
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gath'ring flow'rs,
Herself a fairer flow'r by gloomy Dis 270
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet
grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle 275
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,

Hid Amalthea and a florid son
Young Bacchus from his step-dame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard, 280
Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd
True Paradise under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, inclos'd with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend 285
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all, 290
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd)
Whence true authority in men; though both 295
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime, declar'd 300
Absolute rule: and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She, as a veil down to the slender waist,
Her unadorned golden tresses wore 305
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the vine curls her tendrils; which imply'd

Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd;
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
Of Nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill.
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down; and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labour than suffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flow'rs.
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles

Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
Fair couple link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they, About them frisking play'd 340
All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chace
In wood or wilderness, forest or den.
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them: th'unwieldy elephant, 345
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and
wreath'd
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass 350
Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture, gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the Sun,
Declin'd, was hasting now with prone career
To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale
Of Heav'n the stars that usher ev'ning rose: 355
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad:
O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps, 360
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The Hand that form'd them on their shape hath
pour'd. 365

Ah, gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy!
Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd 370
Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n
Ill fenc'd for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpity'd: League with you I seek, 375
And mutual amity so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth. My dwelling haply may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me, 380
Which I as freely give. Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your num'rous offspring; if no better place, 385
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not, for him who
wrong'd.

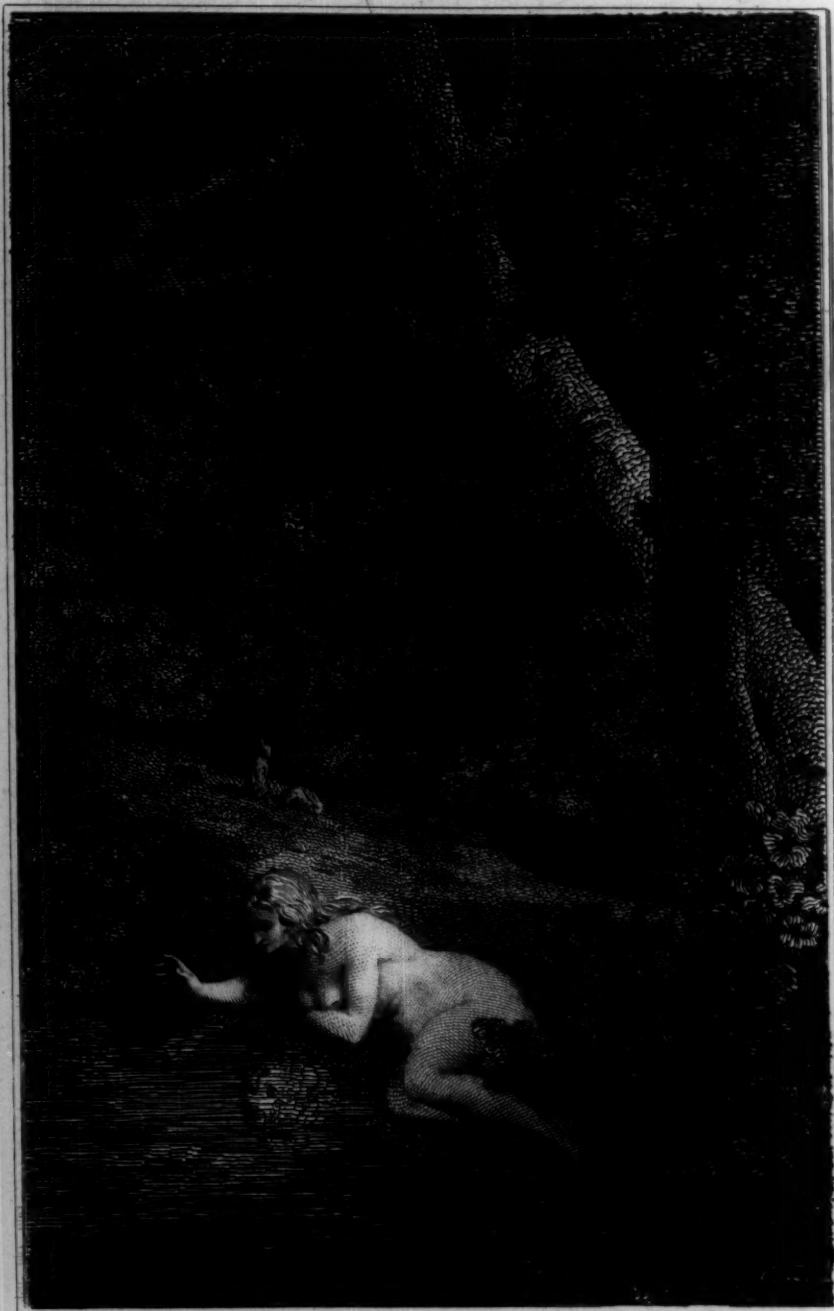
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd, 390
By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
To do what else, tho' damn'd, I should abhor.

So spake the Fiend, and, with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his dev'lish deeds.

Then from his lofty stand on that high tree 395
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and unesp'y'd
To mark what of their state he more might learn
By word or action mark'd : about them round 401
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare ;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Straight couches close, then rising changes oft 405
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
Grip'd in each paw : when Adam, first of men
To first of women Eve, thus moving speech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utt'rance flow :
Sole partner, and sole part of all these joys, 411
Dearer thyself than all ; needs must the Pow'r
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite ; 415
That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need ; he who requires
From us no other service than to keep 420
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life ;

So near grows death to life, whate'er death is, 425
Some dreadful thing no doubt ; for well thou
know'st
God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of pow'r and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion giv'n 430
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights : 435
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task
To prune these growing plants, and tend these
flow'rs ;
Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.
To whom thus Eve reply'd : O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide 442
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks ; I chiefly who enjoy 445
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd 450
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and
how.





Corbould del.

White sculp.

*As I bend down to look, just opposite,
A Shape within the wat'ry Gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me! —*

Book IV. line 480.

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Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd 455
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n. I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite 460
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me. I started back;
It started back: but pleas'd I soon return'd;
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answ'ring looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd 465
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me. What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of Human Race. What could I do, 475
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth wat'ry image. Back I turn'd:
Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return, fair Eve;
Whom fly'st thou? Whom thou fly'st, of him
thou art;

His flesh, his bone. To give thee b'ing I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart
Substantial life, to have thee by my side 485
Henceforth an individual solace dear:
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half: with that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace 490
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our gen'ral mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast 495
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight,
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter 499
On Juno smiles when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure. Aside the Devil turn'd
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus 'plain'd:
Sight hateful! sight tormenting! thus these two,
Imparadis'd in one another's arms, 506
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Amongst our other torments not the least, 510
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing, pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd

From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it seems;
One fatal tree there stands, of Knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden?
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? And do they only stand
By ignorance? Is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith? 520
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design 524
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with Gods: aspiring to be such,
They taste and die. What likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd; 529
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wand'ring Sp'rit of Heav'n by fountain side,
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while
ye may,

Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return, 534
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Thro' wood, thro' waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his
roam.

Mean while in utmost longitude, where Heav'n
With earth and ocean meets, the setting Sun 540

Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Level'd his ev'ning rays : it was a rock
Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent 545
Accessible from earth, one entrance high ;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night ; 550
About him exercis'd heroic games
Th' unarmed youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through th' even
On a Sun-beam, swift as a shooting star 556
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd
Impress the air, and shews the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds. He thus began in haste : 560
Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath giv'n
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at height of noon came to my sphere
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know 565
More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's latest image : I describ'd his way
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait ;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks

Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:
Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him. One of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise 574
New troubles: him thy care must be to find.

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd:
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the Sun's bright circle, where thou sitt'st,
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come 580
Well known from Heav'n; and since meridian
hour

No creature thence: if Sp'rit of other sort,
So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthy bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Sp'ritual substance with corporeal bar. 585
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point, now
rais'd, 590

Bore him slope downward to the Sun, now fall'n
Beneath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, or this less voluble earth,
By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there
Arraying with reflected purple' and gold 596
The clouds that on his western throne attend.
Now came still ev'ning on, and twilight grey

Had in her sober liv'ry all things clad;
Silence accompany'd; for beast and bird, 600
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her am'rous descant sung:
Silence was pleas'd. Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led 605
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: Fair Consort,
th' hour 610

Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling, with soft slumb'rous weight inclines
Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long 616
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body' or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways; 620
While other animals unactive range;
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform 625
Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,

That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton
growth.

Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth, 631
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty'
adorn'd:

My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst, 635
Unargu'd, I obey; so God ordains;

God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.

With thee conversing I forget all time;

All seasons and their change, all please alike. 640

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,

With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,

When first on this delightful land he spreads

His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,

Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth

After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on 646

Of grateful ev'ning mild; then silent Night

With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,

And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train:

But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends

With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun 651

On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,

Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after show'rs;

Nor grateful ev'ning mild; nor silent Night 654

With this her solemn bird, nor walk by Moon,

Or glitt'ring star-light without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? For
whom

This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our gen'ral ancestor reply'd: 659

Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eye,

These have their course to finish round the earth

By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land

In order, though to nations yet unborn,

Minist'ring light prepar'd, they set and rise;

Lest total darkness should by night regain 665

Her old possession, and extinguish life

In nature and all things, which these soft fires

Not only' enlighten, but with kindly heat

Of various influence, foment and warm,

Temper or nourish, or in part shed down 670

Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow

On earth, made hereby apter to receive

Perfection from the Sun's more potent ray.

These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,

Shine not in vain; nor think, tho' men werenone,

That Heav'n would want spectators, God want

praise:

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth

Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

All these with ceaseless praise his works behold,

Both day and night. How often from the steep

Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard

Celestial voices to the midnight air,

Sole, or responsive each to other's note,

Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands 684
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heav'n.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bow'r: it was a place 690
Chos'n by the Sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
All things to Man's delightful use. The roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew,
Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either side 695
Acanthus, and each od'rous bushy shrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flow'r,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and
wrought

Mosaic: underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem. Other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none:
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bow'r
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess
With flow'rs, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed, 710
And heav'nly choirs the hymenean sung,
What day the genial Angel to our sire

Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts: and O too like 715
In sad event, when to th' unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd 721
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day, 725
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground. 731
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other rites 736
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into their inmost bow'r
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear, 740
Straight side by side were laid; nor turn'd I ween
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites

Mysterious of connubial love refus'd :
Whatever hypocrites austere talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence, 745
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase ; who bids abstain
But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man ?
Hail wedded Love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety 751
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adult'rous lust was driven from men,
Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure, 755
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother first were known.
Far be 't, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets, 760
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels ; not in the bought smile
Of harlots loveless, joyless, unendear'd, 766
Casual fruition ; nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight hall,
Or serenade, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770
These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing, slept,
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof

Show'r'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Blest pair; and O yet happiest, if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had Night measur'd with her shadowy
cone 776

Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their iv'ry port the Cherubim
Forth issuing at th' accustom'd hour, stood arm'd
To their night-watches in warlike parade, 780
When Gabriel to his next in pow'r thus spake:

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;
Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part:
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear. 785
From these, two strong and subtle Sp'rits he call'd
That near him stood, and gave them thus in
charge:

Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
Search thro' this garden; leave unsearch'd no nook;
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm. 791
This ev'ning from the Sun's decline arriv'd
Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen,
Hitherward bent (who could have thought!)
escap'd

The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt: 795
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bow'r direct,
In search of whom they sought: him there they
found,

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, 800
Aflaying by his dev'lish art to reach
The organs of her fancy', and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise, 805
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness. Up he starts,
Discover'd and surpriz'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid 815
Fit for the tun some magazine to store
Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air;
So started up in his own shape the Fiend.
Back stept those two fair Angels, half amaz'd 820
So sudden to behold the grisly king;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon:
Which of those rebel Sp'rits, adjudg'd to Hell,
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd,
Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait, 825
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?
Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not me? Ye knew me once no mate
For you; there sitting where ye durst not soar.

Not to know me, argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know, 831
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon, answ'ring scorn with
scorn:

Think not, revolted Sp'rit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminish'd brightness to be known, 836
As when thou stood'st in Heav'n upright and
pure;

That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee'; and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul. 840

But come; for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To Him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace 845

Invincible. Abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue' in her shape how lovely; saw and pin'd
His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd

His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd 850

Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the sender not the sent,

Or all at once; more glory will be won,

Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,

Will save us trial what the least can do. 855

Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;

But, like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb. To strive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd 860
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they
nigh

The western point, where those half-rounding
guards

Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,
Gabriel from the front, thus call'd aloud: 865

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who, by his gait 870
And fierce demeanour, seems the prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest:
Stand firm, for in his look defiance low'rs.

Hescarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where
found, 875
How busy'd, in what form and posture couch'd.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake:
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress 880
By thy example, but have pow'r and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

Towhom thus Satan with contemptuous brow:
Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th'esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from
Hell,
Though thither doom'd? Thou would'st thyself,
no doubt, 890
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to
change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
To thee no reason, who know'st only good, 895
But evil hast not try'd: and wilt object
His will who bound us? Let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.
The rest is true, they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm. 901
Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd
Disdainfully, half smiling, thus reply'd:
O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew, 905
And now returns him from his prison 'scap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicens'd from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910
However, and to 'scape his punishment.

So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sev'nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok'd. 916

But wherefore thou alone? Wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke loose? Is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? Courageous Chief, 920
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alledg'd
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answer'd, frowning
stern :

Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain, 925
Insulting Angel: well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting volley'd thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.

But still thy words at random, as before, 930
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard assays and ill successes past
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untry'd:

I therefore, I alone first undertook 935
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
This new-created world, whereof in Hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Pow'rs
To settle here on earth, or in mid-air; 940

Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against ;
Whose easier bus'ness were to serve their Lord
High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight. 945
To whom the warrior Angel soon reply'd:
To say and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add ? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd ! 951
Faithful to whom ? To thy rebellious crew ?
Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,
Your military' obedience, to dissolve 955
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Pow'r Supreme ?
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilely ador'd
Heav'n's awful Monarch ? wherefore but in hope
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign ? 961
But mark what I arreed thee now, Avaunt ;
Fly thither whence thou fledst : if from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd, 965
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.
So threaten'd he ; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but, waxing more in rage, reply'd :
Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains,

Proud limitary Cherub; but ere then 971
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, tho' Heav'n's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress thro' the road of Heav'n star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron
bright

Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting
stands,

Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other side Satan, alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood, 986
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremov'd:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dread-
ful deeds 990

Might have ensu'd, nor only Paradise
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon 995
Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales, yet seen

Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air
In counterpoise, now ponders all events, 1001
Battles, and realms: in these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend:
Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st
mine; 1006
Neither our own, but giv'n: What folly then
To boast what arms can do? since thine no more
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, tho' doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign, 1011
Where thou art weigh'd, and shewn how light,
how weak,
If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her trouble-
some dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They
come forth to their day labour: Their morning
hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render

his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at
hand, sets him in, and sets his enemy, and substitutes
the may and Adam to know. Raphael comes down
to Paradise, his appearance described, his coming his-
tory, his coming to the door of his

FIFTH BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

thence; how he shows his lineage after him to the
parts of the world, and how he is to be
with him, his name, all his only child a son;
also in argument discourses and speaks him, then
forwards him.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to their day labours: Their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance described, his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph; who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

NOW Morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient
pearl,

When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was aery light from pure digestion bred,
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan, 6
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on ev'ry bough ; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest : he on his side 11
Leaning, half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces ; then with voice 15
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,

My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight, 19
Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How Nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet. 25

Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startl'd eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake:

O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see 29
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft have wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night. Methought,
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk, 36
With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it said,
Whysleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire? 45
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.

I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And, as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd, like one of those from
Heav'n
By us oft seen. His dewy locks distill'd
Ambrosia: on that tree he also gaz'd;
And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
Nor God, nor Man? is knowledge so despis'd?
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good: why else set here?
This said, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted! Me damp horror chill'd
At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold:
But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt,
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men:
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The Author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou also; happy though thou art,
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:

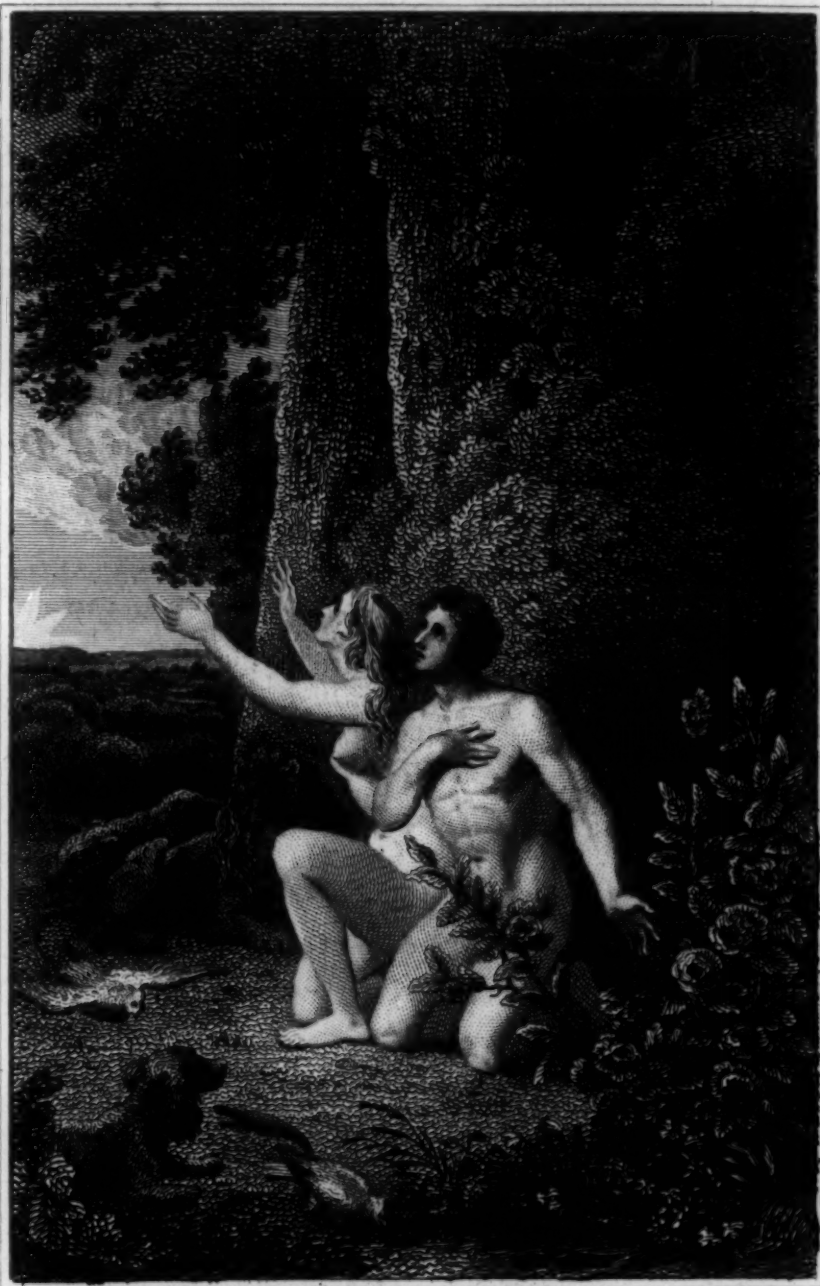
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods I
Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confin'd, but
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see 80
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev'n to my mouth, of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd. The pleasant sav'ry smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought, 85
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various; wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly 90
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
Related; and thus Adam answer'd sad:
Best image of myself and dearer half, 95
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? In thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know, that in the soul 100
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief: among these Fancy next
Her office holds. Of all external things
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, aery shapes; 105
Which Reason joining or disjoining, frames

All what we' affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when Nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last ev'ning's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks
That wont to be more cheerful and serene
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;
And let us to our fresh employments rise
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flow'rs
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was
cheer'd;

But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair.
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arb'rous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up ris'n,
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landskip all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd, adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid 145
In various stile; for neither various stile
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or num'rous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp 151
To add more sweetness; and they thus began:
These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous
then! 155
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these Heav'ns
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, 160
Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing! ye in Heav'n,
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol



Corbould del.

Heath sculp.

*Lovely they bow'd adoring, and began
Their Orisons, each Morning duty paid
In various style.*

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Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night, 166
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when
 thou fall'st. 174
Moon, that now meets the orient Sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth 180
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise 185
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
Rising or falling still advance his praise. 191
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters
 blow,

Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye
Pines, With every plant ; in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow, 195
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices all ye living Souls ; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or ev'n,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail Universal Lord, be bounteous still 205
To give us only good ; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.
So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm. 210
On to their morning's rural work they haste,
Among sweet dewes and flow'rs ; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces ; or they led the vine 215
To wed her elm : she spous'd about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r th' adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity Heav'n's high King, and to him call'd
Raphael, the sociable Sp'rit, that deign'd 221

To travel with Tobias, and secur'd
His marriage with the sev'ntimes-wedded maid.

Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on Earth
Satan from Hell, 'scap'd thro' the darksome gulf,
Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd 226
This night the human pair, how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind.

Go, therefore, half this day as friend with friend,
Converse with Adam, in what bow'r or shade
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,
To respite his day-labour with repast,
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on
As may advise him of his happy state,
Happiness in his pow'r left free to will, 235
Left to his own free will, his will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He swerve not too secure. Tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now
The fall of others from like state of bliss. 241

By vi'lence? No, for that shall be withstood;
But by deceit and lies. This let him know,
Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd. 245

So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All justice: nor delay'd the winged Saint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood 250
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light
Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic
choirs, U 2 251

On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work 255
Divine the Sov'reign Architect had fram'd.
From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interpos'd, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glass 261
Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes
Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon:
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appearing, kens 265
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air; till within soar 270
Of tow'ring eagles, to' all the fowls he seems
A Phœnix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,
When to inshrine his reliques in the Sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise 275
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A Seraph wing'd; six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair 280
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round

Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail;
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance
fill'd 286
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands
Of Angels under watch; and to his state,
And to his message high in honour rise; 289
For on some message high they guess'd him bound.
Their glitt'ring tents he pass'd, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh
And flow'ring odours, cassia, nard, and balm:
A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will 295
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art; enormous bliss.
Him through the spicy forest onward come
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted Sun
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm 301
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam
needs:
And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner sav'ry fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst 305
Of nect'rous draughts between, from milky
stream,
Berry or grape. To whom thus Adam call'd:
Haste hither Eve, and, worth thy sight, behold

Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon: some great behest from
Heav'n 311

To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive 315
Our heav'nly stranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows
More fruitful; which instructs us not to spare. 320

To whom thus Eve: Adam, earth's hallow'd
mould,
Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk,
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes: 325
But I will haste, and from each bow and brake,
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such
choice

To entertain our Angel guest, as he
Beholding shall confess, that here on Earth
God hath dispens'd his bounties as in Heav'n.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste 331
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring

Taste after taste upheld with kindest change;
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where 340
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink, the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths 345
From many a berry', and from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unfum'd.

Mean while our primitive great sire, to meet
His God-like guest, walks forth, without more
train 351

Accompany'd than with his own complete
Perfections: in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long 355
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,
Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.
Nearer his presence Adam, though not aw'd,
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
As to' a superior nature, bowing low, 360
Thus said: Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can than Heav'n such glorious shape contain;
Since by descending from the thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while

To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us
Two' only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bow'r
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the Sun more cool decline. 370

Whom thus th' angelic Virtue answer'd mild:
Adam, I heretofore came; nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell
As may not oft invite, though Sp'rits of Heav'n,
To visit thee. Lead on then where thy bow'r
O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till ev'ning rise,
I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbour smil'd
With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant smells; but
Eve

Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair 380
Than Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess
feign'd

Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,
Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n. No veil
She needed, virtue proof; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel Hail
Bestow'd; the holy salutation us'd 386
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

Hail Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more num'rous with thy sons,
Than with these various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassy turf
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,

And on her ample square, from side to side,
All autumn pil'd, tho' spring and autumn here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they
hold;

No fear left dinner cool; when thus began
Our author: Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends
To us for food, and for delight hath caus'd
The earth to yield; unsav'ry food perhaps
To spiritual natures: only this I know,
That one celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel: Therefore, what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to Man in part
Spiritual, may of purest Sp'rits be found
No' ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require,
As doth your rational; and both contain
Within them ev'ry lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch,
taste,

Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustain'd and fed: of elements
The grosser feeds the purer; earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air; the air those fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd.

Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs.
The Sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimantal recompense
In humid exhalations, and at ev'n 425
Sups with the ocean. Tho' in Heav'n the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; tho' from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dew, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain, yet God hath here
Vary'd his bounty so with new delights, 431
As may compare with Heav'n; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss 435
Of Theologians; but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires
Thro' Sp'rits with ease; nor wonder, if by fire
Of sooty coal th' empyric alchemist 440
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd. O innocence 445
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of God excuse to' have been
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's Hell. 450

Thus, when with meats and drinks they had
suffic'd,

Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass
Giv'n him by this great conference, to know
Of things above his world, and of their being 455
Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whose high pow'r so far
Exceeded human; and his wary speech

Thus to th' empyreal minister he fram'd: 460

Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour in this honour done to Man,
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so, 465
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heav'n's high feasts to' have fed: yet what
compare?

To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd:
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return, 470
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Endu'd with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure, 475
As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending
Each in their sev'ral active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds

Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the
leaves 480
More airy, last the bright consummate flow'r
Spirits odorous breathes : flow'rs and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd, O
To vital sp'rits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual ; give both life and sense, 485
Fancy and understanding ; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive or intuitive : discourse
Is ofttest yours ; the latter most is ours,
Diff'ring but in degree ; of kind the same. 490
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good,
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance : time may come, when Men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare ; 495
And from these corp'ral nutriments, perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to sp'rit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heav'nly Paradises dwell ; 500
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,
Whose progeny you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more. 505
To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd :
O favourable Sp'rit, propitious guest,

Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
From centre to circumference, whereon 510
In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found
Obedient? Can we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert, 515
Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the Angel: Son of Heav'n and Earth,
Attend. That thou art happy, owe to God; 520
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself;
That is, to thy obedience: therein stand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee; but to persevere 525
He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity.
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated: such with him 530
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?
Myself and all th' angelic host, that stand 535
In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds:

On other surety none. Freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not: in this we stand or fall. 540
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell. O fall,
From what high state of bliss into what woe!

To whom our great progenitor: Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear, 545
Divine Instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hills
Aereal music send: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love 550
Our Maker, and obey him whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assur'd me', and still assure: tho' what thou tell'st
Hath pass'd in Heav'n, some doubt within me
move,

But more desire to hear, if thou consent, 555
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;
And we have yet large day; for scarce the Sun
Hath finish'd half his journey', and scarce begins
His other half in the great zone of Heav'n. 560

Thus Adam made request: and Raphael,
After short pause, assenting, thus began:

High matter thou enjoin'st me', O prime of
men,
Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate
To human sense th' invisible exploits 565

Of warring Spirits ? How without remorse
The ruin of so many, glorious once
And perfect while they stood ? How last unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal ? yet for thy good 570
This is dispens'd ; and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By lik'ning spiritual to corp'ral forms,
As may express them best : tho' what if Earth
Be but the shadow' of Heav'n, and things therein
Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought ?

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign'd where these Heav'ns now roll, where

Earth now rests
Upon her centre pois'd ; when on a day
(For time, though in eternity, apply'd 580
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future) on such day
As Heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal
host

Of angels by imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne 585
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd
Under their Hierarchs in orders bright :
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve 590
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees ;
Or in their glitt'ring tissues bear emblaz'd
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love

Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood, 595
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake :

Hear, all ye Angels, progeny of light, 600
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
Pow'rs,

Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand :
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son ; and on this holy hill

Him have anointed, whom ye now behold 605
At my right hand ; your Head I him appoint ;
And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow
All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord :
Under his great vicegerent reign abide
United as one individual soul, 610

For ever happy. Him who disobeys,
Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day
Cast out from God, and blessed vision, falls
Into' utter darkness, deep ingulph'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end. 615

So spake th' Omnipotent ; and with his words
All seem'd well pleas'd ; all seem'd, but were
not all.

That day, as other solemn days, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred hill ;
Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere 620
Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels

Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem ;
And in their motions harmony divine 625
Sosmooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted. Ev'ning now approach'd
(For we have also' our ev'ning and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
Desirous ; all in circles as they stood, 631
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
With Angels food, and ruby'd nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heav'n.
On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh flow'rets
crown'd, 636
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit where full measure only bounds
Excess, before th' All-bounteous King, who
show'r'd 640
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and
shade
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had
chang'd
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there
In darker veil) and roseate dews dispos'd 646
All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest ;

Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous earth in plain outspread
(Such are the courts of God) th' angelic throng,
Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend
By living streams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
Fann'd with cool winds; save those who in
their course 655

Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne
Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd
Satan; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,
If not the first Arch-Angel, great in pow'r, 660
In favour, and pre-eminence, yet fraught
With envy 'gainst the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not bear
Through pride that sight, and thought himself
impair'd. 665

Deep malice thence conceiving, and disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipp'd, unbey'd the throne supreme 670
Contemptuous, and his next subord'nate
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake:

Sleep'st thou, companion dear? What sleep
can close

Thy eye-lids? and remember'st what decree

Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips 675
Of Heav'n's Almighty! Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest impos'd;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may
raise 680

In us who serve, new counsels to debate
What doubtful may ensue: more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward with flying march, where we possess
The quarters of the north; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King 690
The great Messiah, and his new commands;
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breast 695
Of his associate: he together calls
Of sev'ral one by one, the regent pow'rs,
Under him regent: tells, as he was taught,
That the Most High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had disencumber'd Heav'n,
The great hierarchal standard was to move; 701
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound

Or taint integrity : but all obey'd
The wonted signal and superior voice 705
Of their great potentate ; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n ;
His count'nance as the morning star that guides
The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's host.
Mean while th' Eternal Eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread 715
Among the sons of morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decree ;
And smiling to his only Son, thus said :
Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might, 720
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of Deity or empire ; such a foe
Is rising, who intends to' erect his throne 725
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north ;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battle what our pow'r is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ
In our defence, lest unawares we lose 731
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.
To whom the Son, with calm aspect and clear,

Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer: Mighty Father, thou thy foes 735
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal pow'r
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event 740
Know whether I be dext'rous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.

So spake the Son ; but Satan with his Pow'rs
Far was advanc'd on winged speed, an host
Innumerable as the stars of night, 745
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the Sun
Impearls on ev'ry leaf and ev'ry flow'r.
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies
Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones,
In their triple degrees ; regions to which 750
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire globose
Stretch'd into longitude ; which having pass'd,
At length into the limits of the north 755
They came, and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold ;
The palace of great Lucifer (so call 760
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,

In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heav'n, 765
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
For thither he assembl'd all his train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of their King,
Thither to come, and with calumnious art 770
Of counterfeited truth, thus held their ears:

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
Pow'rs,
If these magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself ingross'd 775
All pow'r, and us eclips'd under the name
Of King Anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurry'd meeting here,
This only to consult, how we may best,
With what may be devis'd of honours new, 780
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counsels might erect 785
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right; or if ye know yourselves
Natives and sons of Heav'n possess'd before 790
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees

Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason then or right assume
Monarchy over such as live by right 795
His equals, if in pow'r and splendor less,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration to th' abuse 800
Of those imperial titles which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.

Thus far his bold discourse without controul
Had audience, when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd, 806
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe,
The current of his fury thus oppos'd:

O argument blasphemous, false, and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n 810
Expected, least of all from thee, Ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peers.
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,
That to his only Son by right endu'd 815
With regal sceptre, ev'ry soul in Heav'n
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confess him rightful King? Unjust thou say'st,
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals, to let reign 820
One over all with unsucceeded pow'r.
Shalt thou give law to God? Shalt thou dispute

With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the pow'rs of
Heav'n
Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident he is, how far from thought
To make us less, bent rather to exalt
Our happy state under one head more near 830
United. But to grant it thee unjust,
That equal over equals monarch reign:
Thyself, tho' great and glorious, dost thou count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten Son? by whom 835
As by his Word the mighty Father made
All things, even thee; and all the Sp'rits of
Heav'n
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with glory', and to their glory
nam'd
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
Pow'rs, 840
Essential Pow'rs; nor by his reign obscur'd,
But more illustrious made; since he the Head
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;
His laws our laws; all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
And tempt not these; but hasten to appease 846
Th' incensed Father and th' incensed Son,
While pardon may be found in time besought.

So spake the fervent Angel ; but his zeal
None seconded, as out of season judg'd, 850
Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd
Th' Apostate, and more haughty thus reply'd :
That we were form'd then say'st thou ? and the work
Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
From Father to his Son ? Strange point, and new !
Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd.

Who saw 856
When this creation was ? Remember'st thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being ?
We know no time when we were not as now ;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rai'd 860
By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal course
Had circl'd his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native Heav'n, ethereal sons.
Our puissance is our own ; our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try 865
Who is our equal : then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt th' almighty throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings, carry to th' anointed King ; 870
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and as the sound of waters deep
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
Through the infinite host ; nor less for that
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone 875
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold :

O alienate from God, O Sp'rit accurs'd,
Forsaken of all good ! I see thy fall

Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread 880
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Messiah: those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsaf'd; other decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recall; 885
That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod, to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath 890
Impendent, raging into sudden flame,
Distinguish not; for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire;
Then who created thee lamenting learn, 894
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.
So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, untterrify'd,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal; 900
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Tho' single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way thro' hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught; 905
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first fight described: Satan and his

Forces retire under night: He calls a council, invents devilish engines, robs in the second day's fight but Michael and Angels to some disorder;

but the next night pulling up mountains, overthrown both the

SIXTH BOOK

will not so ending, God on the third day sends Michael his Son, for OF glory of that victory: He in the power of his Fa-

PARADISE LOST.

to stand still on either side with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, fur-

ties them, unable to resist, forsook the wall of His-
ren; which opening, they leap down with horror
and confusion into the place of punishment prepared
for them in the deep: Michael returns with triumph
to his Father.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first fight described: Satan and his Powers retire under night: He calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan: Yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory: He, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

ALL night the dreadless Angel, unpursu'd,
Through Heav'n's wide champain held his
way, till morn,
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes thro'
Heav'n
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the Heav'n, tho' darkness there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the morn
Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyrean; from before her vanish'd night,
Shot thro' with orient beams; when all the plain,
Cover'd with thick embattl'd squadrons bright,

Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported. Gladly then he mix'd 21
Among those friendly pow'rs, who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill 25
They led him, high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard:

Servant of God, well done! well hast thou
fought

The better fight, who single hast maintain'd 30
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach (far worse to bear
Than violence); for this was all thy care 35
To stand approv'd in sight of God, tho' worlds
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue 40
By force, who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law, and for their king
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go Michael, of celestial armies prince,
And thou in military prowess next 45

Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints,
By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight,
Equal in number to that Godless crew
Rebellious; them with fire and hostile arms
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss
Into their place of punishment, the gulph
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery Chaos to receive their fall. 55

So spake the sov'reign voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
Of wrath awak'd; nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow: 60
At which command the powers militant
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irresistible, mov'd on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd 65
Heroic ardor to advent'rous deeds.
Under their God-like leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they move
Indissolubly firm: nor obvious hill, 69
Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread. As when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came summon'd over Eden, to receive 75

Their names of thee ; so over many a tract
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last,
Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd 80
In battailous aspect, and nearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with boastful argument pourtray'd,
The banded pow'rs of Satan hasting on 85
With furious expedition ; for they ween'd
That self-same day by fight, or by surprize,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To set the envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain
In the mid-way : tho' strange to us it seem'd 91
At first, that Angel should with Angel war,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great sire 95
Hymning th' Eternal Father ; but the shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst, exalted as a God,
Th' Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, 100
Idol of Majesty Divine, inclos'd
With flaming Cherubim and golden shields ;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
(A dreadful interval) and front to front 105

Presented, stood in terrible array,
Of hideous length. Before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold: 110
Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores:

O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the High'st
Should yet remain, where faith and realty 115
Remain not! wherefore should not strength and
might

There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have try'd 120
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just
That he who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contest and foul,
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so 125
Most reason is that reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd; and thus securely him defy'd: 130

Proud, art thou met? Thy hope was to have
reach'd
The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
The throne of God unguarded, and his side

Abandon'd at the terror of thy pow'r
Or potent tongue. Fool, not to think how vain
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms ! 136
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly ! or with solitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow, 140
Unaided, could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness ! but thou seest
All are not of thy train : there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone 145
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all: my sect thou seest; now learn, too late,
How few sometimes may know, when thousands
err.

Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,
Thus answer'd : Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour
Of my revenge, first sought for thou return'st 151
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue
Inspir'd with contradiction, durst oppose 155
A third part of the Gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win, 160
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest. This pause between

(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;
At first I thought that Liberty and Heav'n
To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now 165
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Minist'ring Sp'rits, train'd up in feast and song:
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heav'n,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.

To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd:
Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote.
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
Of Servitude to serve whom God ordains, 175
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve th'unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd; 181
Yet lewdly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom; let me serve
In Heav'n God ever blest, and his divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd; 185
Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect: mean while
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So say'ng, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight, 191
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield

Such ruin intercept. Ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstay'd, as if on earth 195
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
Sidelong, had push'd a mountain from his seat
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and
shout, 200
Presage of victory and fierce desire
Of battle: whereat Michael bid sound
Th' Arch-Angel trumpet: thro' the vast of Heav'n
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosanna to the High'st: nor stood at gaze 205
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now
Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels 210
Of brazen chariots rag'd: dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd 215
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage. All Heav'n
Resounded; and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encount'ring Angels fought 220
On either side, the least of whom could wield

These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions : how much more of pow'r
Army 'gainst army numberless, to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, 225
Though not destroy, their happy native seat ;
Had not th' Eternal King omnipotent
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited their might ; though number'd such
As each divided legion might have seem'd 230
A num'rous host, in strength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight yet leader seem'd
Each warrior single as in chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close 235
The ridges of grim war : no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear : each on himself rely'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory : deeds of eternal fame 240
Were done, but infinite ; for wide was spread
That war, and various ; sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing,
Tormented all the air : all air seem'd then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale 245
The battle hung ; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious pow'r had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once : with huge two-handed sway

Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting : such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield : 255
A vast circumference. At his approach
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in Heav'n, th' arch-foe subdu'd,
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
And visage all inflam'd, first thus began : 261
Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself 265
And thy adherents, how hast thou disturb'd
Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion ? How hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270
And faithful, now prov'd false ? But think not here
To trouble holy rest ; Heav'n casts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along, 275
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew ; there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain. 280
So spake the Prince of Angels : to whom thus

The Adversary: Nor think thou with wind
Of aery threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise 285
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with
threats

To chace me hence? Err not that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glory; which we mean to win, 290
Or turn this Heav'n itself into the Hell
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign. Mean while thy utmost force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh. 295

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Likened on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height 300
Of Godlike pow'r? for likest Gods they seem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heav'n.

Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles. Two broad suns their shields
Blaz'd opposite, while Expectation stood 306
In horror: from each hand with speed retir'd,
Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth 310

Great things by small, if Nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition in mid-sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both with next to' almighty arm 316
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or swift prevention. But the sword 320
Of Michael from the armoury of God,
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge. It met
The sword of Satan with steep force, to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd, 325
But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring shar'd
All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd thro' him: but th' ethereal substance clos'd,
Not long divisible; and from the gash 331
A stream of nect'rous humour issuing, flow'd
Sanguine, such as celestial Sp'rits may bleed,
And all his armour stain'd ere while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run 335
By Angels many' and strong, who interpos'd
Defence, while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd
From off the files of war: there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame, 340

To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbld by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in pow'r.
Yet soon he heal'd; for Sp'rits that live through-
out

Vital in ev'ry part, not as frail man 345
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air.
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, 350
All intellect, all sense: and as they please,
They limb themselves; and colour, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king; who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd; nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon 360
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd Adramelech and Asmadai, 365
Two potent thrones, that to be less than Gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their
flight,
Mangl'd with ghastly wounds through plate and
mail.

Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow 370
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on earth ; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in Heav'n, 375
Seek not the praise of men. The other sort,
In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancell'd from Heav'n and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380
For strength from truth divided and from just
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
And ignominy ; yet to glory' aspires
Vainglorious, and through infamy seeks fame :
Therefore eternal silence be their doom. 385
And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerv'd,
With many an inroad gor'd ; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul disorder ; all the ground
With shiver'd armour strewn, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd, 390
And fiery foaming steeds : what stood, recoil'd
O'erweary'd, through the faint Satanic host
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpriz'd,
Then first with fear surpriz'd and sense of pain,
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought 395
By sin of disobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints

In cubic phalanx firm advanc'd entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd : 400
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,
Not to have disobey'd : in fight they stood
Unweary'd, unobnoxious to be pain'd 404
By wound, tho' from their place by vi'lence mov'd.

Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence on the odious din of war.
Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquish'd, on the foughten field 410
Michael and his angels prevalent
Encamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires. On th' other part
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd ; and void of rest, 415
His potentates to council call'd by night ;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began :

O now in danger try'd, now known in arms,
Not to be o'erpow'r'd, Companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone, 420
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
Honour, dominion, glory, and renown ;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days ?)
What Heaven's Lord had pow'rfullest to send 425
Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so : then fallible, it seems,

Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we endur'd and pain, 431
Till now not known; but known, as soon con-
temn'd;

Since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury, 434
Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then so small, as easy think
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes; 440
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none. If other hidden cause
Left them superior, while we can preserve
Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose. 445

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
Nisroch, of principalities the prime.
As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
And cloudy in aspect, thus answ'ring spake: 450
Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
For Gods, and too unequal work we find,
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails 456
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd
with pain

Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and excessive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend 465
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto, with look compos'd, Satan reply'd:
Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470
Believ'd so main to our success, I bring.
Which of us who beholds the bright surface
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flow'r ambrosial, gems, and gold;
Whose eye so superficially surveys 476
These things, as not to mind from whence they
grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spiritous and fiery spume, till touch'd
With Heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth
So bounteous, op'ning to the ambient light? 481
These in their dark nativity the deep
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;
Which into hollow engines, long and round,
Thick ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth 486

From far, with thund'ring noise among our foes,
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd
The Thund'rer of his only dreaded bolt. 491

Nor long shall be our labour; yet ere dawn,
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
Abandon fear; to strength and council join'd
Think nothing hard, much less to bedespair'd. 495

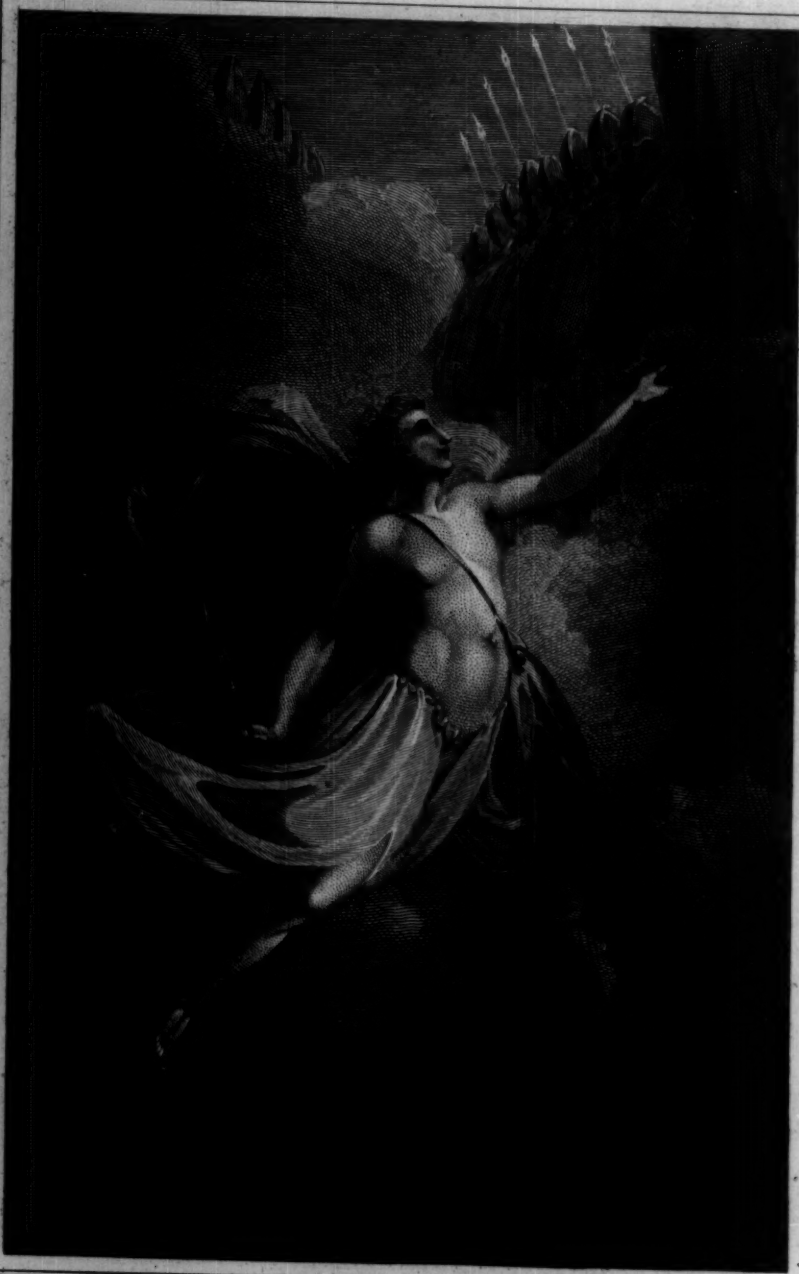
He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be th' inventor miss'd; so easy' it seem'd
Once found, which yet unfound most would have
thought 500

Impossible; yet haply of thy race
In future days, if malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
With dev'lish machination, might devise
Like instrument to plague the sons of men 505
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.

Forthwith from council to the work they flew;
None arguing stood; innumerable hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath 510

Th' originals of nature in their crude
Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd. 515





Corbould del.

Saunders sculp.

*Zophiel of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying & in mid-air aloud thus cried.*

Printed for J. Barrow, Paternoster Row. Oct 1st 1785.

Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520
So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection unesp'y'd.

Now when fair morn orient in Heav'n ap-
pear'd,
Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms 525
The matin-trumpet sung. In arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon banded. Others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed
scour,

Each quarter to descry the distant foe, 530
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt. Him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion. Back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing, 535
Came fly'ng, and in mid-air aloud thus cry'd:

Arm, Warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day. Fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see 540
Sad resolution and secure. Let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,

Borne ev'n or high ; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling show'r, 545
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment ;
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward mov'd embattl'd ; when behold,
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe 551
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish engin'ry, impal'd
On ev'ry side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood 555
A while ; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud :

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold,
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast 560
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse ;
But that I doubt. However witness Heaven,
Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part ; ye who appointed stand, 565
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended ; when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd : 570
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,

Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir, 574
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce. At each, behind,
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving, tipt with fire : while we suspense
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose
 roar 586
Imbowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their dev'lish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes ; which on the victor host 590
Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might
 stand,
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel roll'd ;
The sooner for their arms ; unarm'd they might
Have easily as Sp'rits evaded swift 596
By quick contraction or remove ; but now
Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout ;
Nor serv'd it to relax their serry'd files.
What should they do ? If on they rush'd, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow 601

Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire 605
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd:

O Friends, why come not on these victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming; and when we
To entertain them fair with open front 611
And breast (what could we more?) propounded
terms

Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds;
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace. But I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood:
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home.
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many; who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides:
They show us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; eternal might 630

To match with their inventions they presum'd
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble: but they stood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them
arms 635
Against such hellish mischief fit to' oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r,
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd!)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from Heav'n 640
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew.
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and, by the shaggy tops
Uplifting, bore them in their hands. Amaze, 646
Be sure, and terror seiz'd the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on those cursed engines triple-row 650
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains bury'd deep;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions
arm'd. 655
Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and
bruise'd
Into their substance pent, which wrought them
pain

Implacable, and many a dolorous groan
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such pris'n, tho' Sp'rits of purest light;
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown. 661
The rest in imitation to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore;
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire, 665
That under ground they fought in dismal shade:
Infernal noise! War seem'd a civil game
To this uproar: horrid confusion, heap'd
Upon confusion, rose: and now all Heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread, 670
Had not th' Almighty Father, where he sits
Shrin'd in his sanctuary of Heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpose he might so fulfil, 675
To honour his anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All pow'r on him transferr'd: whence to his Son
Th' Assessor of his throne, he thus began:
Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd, 680
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly what by Deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are past, 684
Two days, as we compute the days of Heav'n,
Since Michael and his Pow'rs went forth to tame
These disobedient. Sore hath been their fight,

As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;
For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st
Equal in their creation they were form'd, 690
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath
wrought

Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found.

War weary'd hath perform'd what war can do,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins, 696
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which
makes

Wild work in Heav'n, and dang'rous to the main.
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far 700
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but Thou
Can end it. Into Thee such virtue and grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy pow'r above compare;
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus, 706
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things; to be Heir and to be King
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.

Go then, thou Mightiest in thy Father's might,
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels 711
That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder; my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out 715

From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep :
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God and Messiah his anointed King.

He said, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full : he all his Father full express'd 720
Ineffably into his face receiv'd ;
And thus the filial Godhead answ'ring, spake :

O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st
To glorify thy Son ; I always thee, 725
As is most just ; this I my glory' account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will
Fulfill'd ; which to fulfil is all my bliss.

Sceptre and pow'r, thy giving, I assume, 730
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st.
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on, 735
Image of thee in all things ; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of these re-
bell'd,

To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,
To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt, 740
Whom to obey is happiness entire.

Then shall thy Saints unmix'd, and from th'
impure

Far separate, circling thy holy mount,
Unfeigned Halleluiahs to thee sing,

Hymns of high praise; and I among them Chief.

So said, he o'er his sceptre bowing, rose 746

From the right hand of glory where he sat;

And the third sacred morn began to shine,

Dawning through Heav'n. Forth rush'd with

whirlwind sound

The chariot of paternal Deity, 750

Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel un-

drawn,

Itself instinct with Spirit, but convoy'd

By four Cherubic shapes: four faces each

Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all

And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the

wheels 755

Of beryl, and careering fires between;

Over their heads a crystal firmament,

Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure

Amber and colours of the show'ry arch.

He in celestial panoply all arm'd 760

Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,

Ascended. At his right hand victory

Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow

And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd;

And from about him fierce effusion roll'd 765

Of smoke and bick'ring flame and sparkles dire.

Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,

He onward came; far off his coming shone;

And twenty thousand (I their number heard)

Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen.

He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime 771

On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd,
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen; them unexpected joy surpriz'd,
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd 775
Aloft, by Angels borne, his sign in Heav'n;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
His army circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their Head embody'd all in one.
Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd: 780
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd, 785
And to rebellious fight rally'd their Pow'rs
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heav'nly Sp'rits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent? 790
They, harden'd more by what might most re-
claim,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy; and aspiring to his height,
Stood re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail 795
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last; and now
To final battle drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake: 800

Stand still in bright array, ye Saints; here stand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battle rest:
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done 805
Invincibly: but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs.
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints.
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude; stand only and behold 810
God's indignation on these Godless pour'd
By me; not you, but me, they have despis'd,
Yet envy'd. Against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, t' whom in Heav'n supreme
Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory appertains, 815
Hath honour'd me according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battle which the stronger proves; they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength 820
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.
So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance, too severe to be beheld, 825
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a num'rous host. 830

He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night: under his burning wheels
The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand 835
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues. They astonish'd, all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt.
O'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate, 841
That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four 845
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One Spirit in them rul'd, and ev'ry eye
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their
strength, 850
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n.
The overthrown he rais'd, and, as a herd 856
Of goats or tim'rous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursu'd
With terrors and with furies to the bounds

And crystal wall of Heav'n ; which op'ning wide,
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd 861
Into the wasteful deep. The monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
Urg'd them behind : headlong themselves they
threw

Down from the verge of Heav'n ; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit. 866

Hell heard th'unsufferable noise ; Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted ; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell ; confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall

Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin. Hell at last
Yawning, receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd :
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire 876
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.

Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole Victor from th'expulsion of his foes, 880
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd.

To meet him, all his Saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd ; and as they went, 884
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion giv'n,
Worthiest to reign. He celebrated rode

Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his Mighty Father thron'd 890
On high; who into glory him receiv'd;
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus meas'ring things in Heav'n by things
on Earth,

At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd 895
What might have else to human race been hid.
The discord which befel, and war in Heav'n
Among th' Angelic Pow'rs, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
With Satan; he who envies now thy state, 900
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him
Bereav'd of happiness thou may'st partake
His punishment, eternal misery;
Which would be all his solace and revenge, 905
As a despite done against the Most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But listen not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to' have heard,
By terrible example, the reward 910
Of disobedience. Firm they might have stood,
Yet fell: remember, and fear to transgress.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and where-
fore this world was first created: that God, after
the creation of Adam, sent forth his Son, Jesus Christ,
and other creatures to dwell therein: and how his Son
with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the
work of redemption in this world: the last of which
is the subject of this poem.

THE
SEVENTH BOOK
OF
PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created: that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.

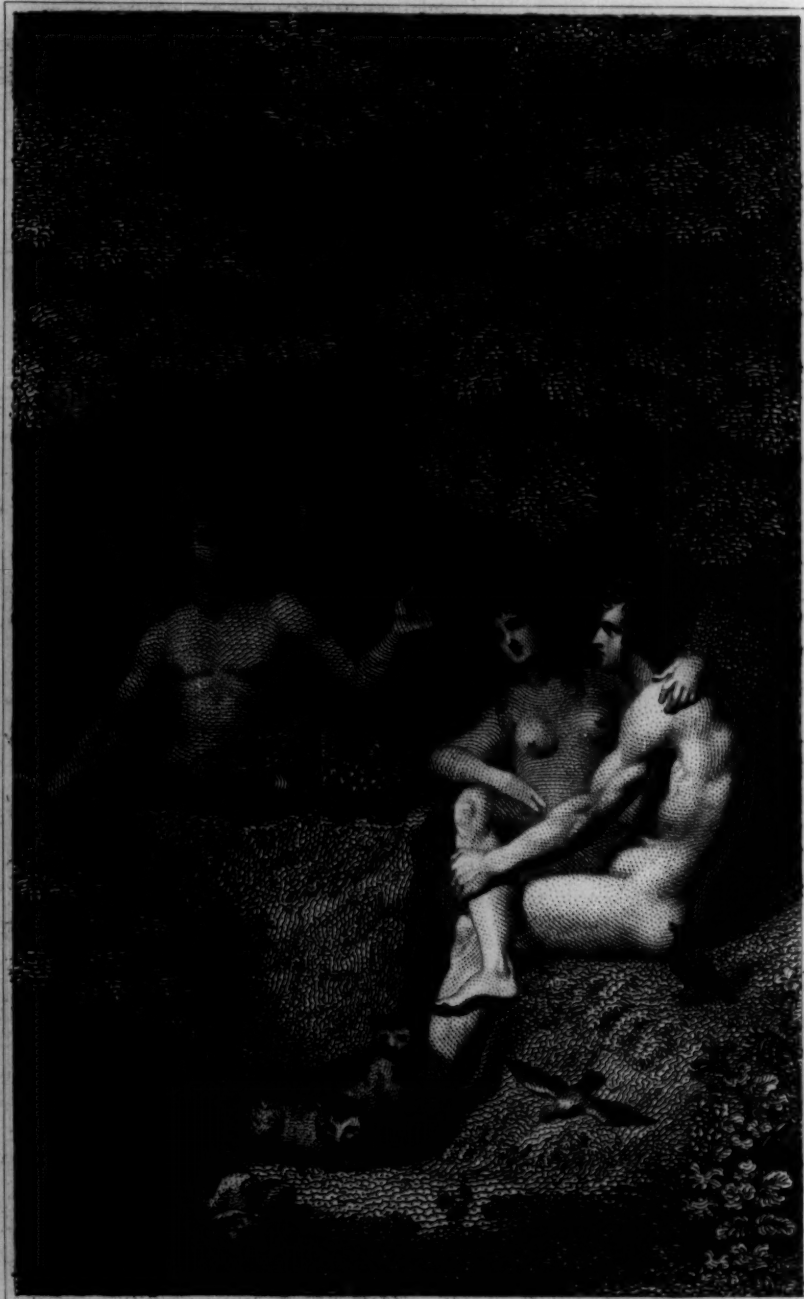
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

DEscend from Heav'n, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.
The meaning, not the name I call; for thou 5
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but heav'nly born:
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play 10
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp'ring. With like safety guided down,
Return me to my native element; 16
Lest from this flying steed, unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime,)

Dismounted, on th' Aleian field I fall
Erroneous, there to wander and forlorn. 20
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues; 26
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east: still govern thou my song, 30
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barb'rous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears 35
To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores;
For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.
Say, Goddess, what ensu'd when Raphael, 40
The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd
Adam, by dire example, to beware
Apostasy, by what befel in Heav'n
To those apostates, lest the like befal
In Paradise to Adam or his race, 45
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obey'd amid the choice





Corbould, del.^r

Heath, sculp.^t

*He, with his comforted Eve,
The story heard attentive.*

Book VII. l. 40.

Printed for J. DODD, 27 St. Dunstons Row, February 1st 1795.

Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
Though wand'ring. He with his consorted Eve
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd 51
With admiration and deep muse, to hear
Of things so high and strange, things to their thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,
And war so near the peace of God in bliss 55
With such confusion: but the evil soon
Driv'n back, redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now 60
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What nearer might concern him; how this world
Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous, first began;
When, and whereof created; for what cause
What within Eden or without was done 65
Before his memory, as one whose drought
Yet scarce allay'd, still eyes the current stream,
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest:
Great things, and full of wonder in our ears, 70
Far diff'ring from this world, thou hast reveal'd,
Divine interpreter, by favour sent
Down from the empyrean, to forewarn
Us timely' of what might else have been our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not
reach: 75
For which to th' infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment

Receive, with solemn purpose, to observe
Immutably his sov'reign will; the end
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd
Gently for our instruction, to impart
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps avail us known: 85
How first began this Heav'n which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd
Embracing round this florid earth; what cause 90
Mov'd the Creator in his holy rest
Through all eternity so late to build
In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon
Absolv'd, if unforbid thou may'st unfold
What we, not to explore the secrets ask 95
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race, though steep; suspense in
Heav'n, held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell 101
His generation, and the rising birth
Of nature from the unapparent deep:
Or if the star of ev'ning and the moon
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring
Silence, and sleep list'ning to thee will watch; 106

Or we can bid his absence, till thy song
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.
Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought :
And thus the God-like Angel answer'd mild: 110
This also thy request with caution ask'd
Obtain ; though to recount almighty works,
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend ?
Yet what thou can'st attain, which best may serve
To glorify the Maker, and infer 116
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing ; such commission from above
I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds ; beyond abstain
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope 121
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,
Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night ;
To none communicable in Earth or Heav'n.
Enough is left besides to search and know. 125
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temp'rance over appetite to know
In measure what the mind may well contain ;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind. 130
Know then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of Angels than that star the stars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd 135
Victorious with his saints, th' Omnipotent

Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake:

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himself rebellious; by whose aid 140
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deity supreme, us dispossess'd,
He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no
more;

Yet far the greater part have kept, I see, 145
Their station; Heav'n yet populous retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministeries due and solemn rites:

But lest his heart exalt him in the harm 150
Already done, to have dispeopl'd Heav'n,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost, and in a moment will create
Another world; out of one man a race 155
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd,
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience try'd,
And earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to
Earth, 160

One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Mean while inhabit lax, ye Pow'rs of Heav'n;
And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform; speak thou, and be it done.

My overshadowing Sp'rit and might with thee
I send along; ride forth, and bid the deep 166
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
Boundless the deep, because I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.

Though I uncircumscrib'd myself retire, 170
And put not forth my goodness which is free
To act or not, necessity and chance
Approach not me; and what I will is fate.

So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake,
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect. 175
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time or motion; but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told;
So told as earthly notion can receive.

Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heav'n, 180
When such was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will.
Glory they sung to the Most High, good-will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight 185
And th' habitations of the just: to him
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, instead
Of Sp'rits malign, a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse 190
His good to worlds and ages infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd

Of majesty divine ; sapience and love 195
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And virtues, winged Sp'rits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage : and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord : Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound ! 206
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word
And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the
shore 210
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault 214
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep,
peace,
Said then th'omnific Word ; your discord end.
Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn ; 220
For Chaos heard his voice : him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession, to behold

Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things.
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world! 231
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void. Darkness profound
Cover'd th' abyss: but on the wat'ry calm
His brooding wings the Sp'rit of God outspread,
And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth 236
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the rest to sev'ral place 240
Disparted, and between spun out the air;
And Earth, self-balanc'd, on her centre hung.
Let there be light, said God; and forthwith
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east
To journey through the aery gloom began, 246
Spher'd in a radiant cloud; for yet the sun
Was not: she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere 250
Divided: light the Day, and darkness Night

He nam'd. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn:
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial choirs, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld. 255
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and
shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning
prais'd
God and his works; Creator him they sung,
Both when first ev'ning was, and when first
morn. 260
Again, God said, Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters. And God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd 265
In circuit to the utmost convex
Of this great round: partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide 270
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far remov'd, lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament. So ev'n
And morning chorus sung the second day. 275
The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryo immature involv'd,
Appear'd not. Over all the face of th' earth

Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
Prolific humour soft'ning all her globe, 280
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Sate with genial moisture, when God said,
Be gather'd now, ye waters, under Heav'n
Into one place, and let dry land appear.
Immediately the mountains huge appear 285
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky:
So high as heav'd the tumid hills; so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they 290
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste: such flight the great command impress'd
On the swift floods. As armies at the call 295
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their standard, so the wat'ry throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found;
If steep, with torrent rapture; if through plain,
Soft-ebbing: nor withstood them rock or hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide 301
With serpent error wand'ring, found their way,
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks, where rivers now 305
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, Earth; and the great receptacle

Of congregated waters he call'd Seas :
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind, 311
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green, 316
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'r'd
Op'ning their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet : and these scarce
blown,
Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth
crept 320
The smelling gourd, upstood the corny reed
Embattl'd in her field, and th' humble shrub,
And bush with frizzl'd hair implicit. Last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches, hung with copious fruit, or
gemm'd 325
Their blossoms : with high woods the hills were
crown'd,
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,
With borders long the rivers : that earth now
Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might
dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330
Her sacred shades. Tho' God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground

None was, but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which, ere it was in th' earth,
God made, and ev'ry herb, before it grew 336
On the green stem ; God saw that it was good :
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty spake, Let there be lights
High in th' expanse of Heav'n, to divide 340
The day from night ; and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years ;
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of Heav'n,
To give light on the earth : and it was so. 345
And God made two great lights, great for their

use
To Man ; the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night altern ; and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of Heav'n
T' illuminate the earth, and rule the day 350
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good :
For, of celestial bodies, first the sun,
A mighty sphere, he fram'd, unlightsome first,
Though of ethereal mould : then form'd the moon
Globose, and ev'ry magnitude of stars,
And sow'd with stars the Heav'n thick as a field :
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive 361

And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light, 365
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though for human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, 370
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through Heav'n's high road. The
grey
Dawn and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon,
But opposite in levell'd west was set 376
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other light she needed none
In that aspect; and still that distance keeps
Till night, then in the east her turn she shines,
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle; and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere. Then first ador'd
With her bright luminaries that set and rose, 385
Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth
day.

And God said, Let the waters generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings

Display'd on th' open firmament of Heav'n. 390
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds,
And ev'ry bird of wing after his kind;
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, say-
ing, 395
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
And lakes, and running streams the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals 400
Of fish that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid-sea: part single or with mate
Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through
groves
Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance, 405
Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,
Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch. On smooth the seal,
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk 410
Wallowing unwieldy', enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean: there leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills 415
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.
Mean while the tepid caves, and fens, and shores

Their brood as num'rous hatch, from th' egg
that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
Their callow young, but feather'd soon and fledge
They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air sub-
lime, 421
With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
In prospect: there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise 425
In common, rang'd in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aery caravan high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing, 429
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd
plumes.
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till ev'n, nor then the solemn nightingale 435
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays:
Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
Their downy breast. The swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit 440
The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tow'r
The mid æreal sky: others on ground
Walk'd firm. The crested cock, whose clarion
sounds

The silent hours, and th' other whose gay train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue 445
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
Ev'ning and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last, arose 449
With ev'ning harps and matin, when God said,
Let th' earth bring forth soul-living in her kind,
Cattle and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd; and
straight

Op'ning her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innum'rous living creatures, perfect forms, 455
Limb'd and full grown. Out of the ground up
rose

As from his lair the wild beast, where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:
The cattle in the fields and meadows green: 460
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks,
Past'ring at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
The grassy clods now calv'd; now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from
bonds, 465

And rampant shakes his brinded mane: the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground 469
Bare up his branching head: scarce from his mould

Behemoth biggest borne of earth, upheav'd
His vastness; fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land
The river-horse and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or worm: those wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the liv'ries deck'd of summer's pride,
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:
These as a line their long dimension drew, 480
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident 485
Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd,
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells 491
With honey stor'd. The rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them
names,
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field, 495
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now Heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd

Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand 500
First wheel'd their course; earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was
walk'd

Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the master-work, the end 505
Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endu'd
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene,
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n, 511
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore

And worship God supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works. Therefore th' Omnipotent 516
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule 520
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
And ev'ry creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of life: in his own image he 526
Created thee, in the image of God
Express; and thou becam'st a living soul.

Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female for race; then bless'd mankind, and said,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth, 531
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,
And ev'ry living thing that moves on th' earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place 535
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food 540
Gave thee; all sorts are here that all th' earth
yields,
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which, tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou
dy'st;
Death is the penalty impos'd; beware, 545
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprize thee, and her black attendant Death.
Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day: 550
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unweary'd, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created world
Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd 555
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,

Answe'ring his great idea. Up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tun'd
Angelic harmonies. The earth, the air 560
Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st);
The Heav'ns and all the constellations rung;
The planets in their station list'ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung; 565
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days work, a world;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men 570
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace. So sung
The glorious train ascending. He thro' Heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led 575
To God's eternal house direct the way:
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest 580
Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the se-
venth
Ev'ning arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav'n's high-seated top, th' imperial throne

Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure, 586
The Filial Pow'r arriv'd, and sat him down
With his great Father (for he also went
Invisible) yet stay'd (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd, 590
Author and End of all things, and from work
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the sev'nth day,
As resting on that day from all his work,
But not in silence holy kept: the harp
Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe, 595
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or unison: of incense clouds
Fuming from golden censers hid the mount. 600
Creation and the six days acts they sung:
Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite
Thy pow'r! What thought can measure thee, or
tongue
Relate thee! Greater now in thy return
Than from the giant Angels! thee that day 605
Thy thunders magnify'd! but to create,
Is greater than created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire! Easily the proud attempt
Of Sp'rits apostate and their counsels vain 610
Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves

To manifest the more thy might : his evil 615
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
Witness this new-made world, another Heav'n
From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea :
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars 620
Num'rous, and ev'ry star perhaps a world
Of destin'd habitation ; but thou know'st
Their seasons : among these the seat of Men,
Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy Men,
And sons of Men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,
Created in his image, there to dwell
And worship him, and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers 630
Holy and just ! thrice happy if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright !

So sung they, and the empyrean rung
With Halleluiahs. Thus was Sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How first this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that posterity
Inform'd by thee might know ; if else thou seek'st
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say. 640

To manifest the more thy might : his evil did
 Their joy, and from thence came it more good.
 Witness this new-made world, another Heaven
 From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea :
 Of ample shade almost immense, with stars
 Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
 Of bliss'd habitation : but thou know'st
 Their seasons, among these the seat of Man.
 Earth will not rather ocean criminals
 Their pleasant dwelling place, Thrice happy Man
 And seat of Man, whom God hath thus assign'd
 Created in his image, there to dwell
 And worship him, and in reward to rule
 Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air.
 And multiply a race of worshippers
 Holy and just : since happy if they know
 Their happiness, and persevere upright
 So long they, and the empyrean reign
 With Halleluiahs. Thus was Sabbath kept
 And thy request fulfill'd, that rest
 How first this world and race of things began
 And what before thy memory was done
 From the beginning, that posterity
 Inform'd by thee might know, if e'er thou seek
 Aught not surpassing human measure, say.

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END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

